

The Freeman

VOL. III. No. 72.

NEW YORK, 27 JULY, 1921

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 457

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Idle Talk, 460
The Pot and the Kettle, 461
On Behalf of the Humanities, 462

Cranford Takes Up Art, by Edward E. Paramore, jun., 464

The Centenary of Baudelaire, by A.-Ferdinand Herold, 465

To Make Farming Pay, by Julian Langner, 466

The Disintegration of a Poet, by Constance Mayfield Rourke, 468

Letters From a Distance: XI, by Gilbert Cannan, 469

MISCELLANY, 470

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Who Made Thee an Allotter over Us? by Charles Wonders, 472; Dr. Jordan Restates His Case, by David Starr Jordan, 472; A Scandinavian Classic, by Adolph B. Benson, 472; A Plea for Turkey, by Helen Woljeska, 472; Art and Life—Again, by Llewellyn Jones, 473

BOOKS

Comrades at the Crossroads, by Léon Bazalgette, 474
Modern American Plays, by Kenneth Macgowan, 475
Praterita, by John Brooks Wheelright, 476
Senatorial Savours, by Charles A. Beard, 476
A Versatile Philosopher, by Isaac Goldberg, 477
Shorter Notices, 478
A Reviewer's Notebook, 478

damages during the war-period appear to be mere disreputable cynicism.

We congratulate Chief Justice Taft upon the attainment of his avowed ambition. There is hardly a point of public policy upon which we could agree with Mr. Taft; and there is hardly a man in public life for whom we have as much respect. Mr. Taft is a sincere aristocrat, an honest tory. He believes as sincerely in privilege and absolutism as we do in economic democracy. There is no record of his ever having made personal profit out of privilege; he has always, we believe, lived by his earnings and been content to remain comparatively poor. He has always shown himself conspicuously sensitive to the *noblesse oblige* that is the historical correlative of toryism. His code of public ethics may be debatable, and it does not correspond with ours; but we believe that like Lord Halsbury, for instance, he would rather see the whole structure of toryism collapse than support it by means which his code disallows. He is, in short, a gentleman; and through all the changes and chances of his public life he has invariably shown himself a courteous and considerate winner and a game and sportsmanlike loser.

THE liberal and labour press has issued, in our judgment, a pretty correct forecast for Mr. Taft's career on the Supreme Bench. There is no doubt that labour, liberalism, radicalism and every popular tendency that might impair the integrity of privilege will feel the Chief Justice's mailed fist on the back of its neck as often as it raises its head. Still, those who on this score complain of Mr. Taft's appointment ought to ask themselves what they would gain, practically, if the greatest liberal or radical in the land were appointed in his stead. The Supreme Court's decisions always go by a majority; and privilege always has the majority. That is what the Supreme Court is for. John Marshall Harlan, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, sat on the Supreme Bench and filed dissenting opinions for thirty-five years; and what good did it do? The point we make is that since the Supreme Court must be an organ of toryism anyway, by all means let it represent the best in toryism; and Mr. Taft represents the very best there is in toryism. When one considers Mr. Hughes, for instance, or Mr. Coolidge, one heartily wishes there were enough of Mr. Taft to go around all the offices in the Administration.

CURRENT COMMENT.

IT is a commonplace that if officials handled their private concerns as they handle public affairs their solvency would be short-lived. It is hard to imagine Mr. Mellon making, or Mr. Daugherty solemnly approving, as ordinary business men, the payment of a large sum of money to an insolvent debtor who owed them many times the amount in interest alone. No private concern could afford to do such a thing. Yet we see Mr. Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, paying to Great Britain, with the full approval of Mr. Daugherty as Attorney General, the sum of \$32,688,352, alleged to be due that country for transporting American soldiers to Europe to save the British cause in Flanders fields. Under the circumstances this seems a rather doubtful claim at best; it seems more than doubtful when one considers the hundreds of millions in unpaid interest which our officials, with a magnanimity born of irresponsibility, have agreed not even to whistle for. On the whole, our Allies have made a very good thing out of this country, even though they have failed—so far at least—to transfer to our shoulders their entire war-debt. Ours is a lenient Government to every one but its own taxpayers. No one ever heard of its forgiving them—that is, the weak and helpless among them—any of their obligations to the national exchequer.

REFUNDING seems to be all the go in Washington this season. The Secretary of the Treasury is asking for carte blanche to make terms for refunding foreign indebtedness to this country, and now we learn that preparations are under way for refunding the debt of \$500 million due to the Government from the railways. This will no doubt be quite satisfactory to every one save the taxpayers who dug up some \$4,593,000,000 in Federal taxes last year; and mere taxpayers, as every one knows, do not count. It is intimated that after their debt has been refunded the railway-executives will turn their attention to the collection of several hundred million dollars in claims against the Government for alleged under-maintenance of the roads during the period of governmental control; a proposition which seems to us about as cheeky as the propositions of the railway-executives usually are. To anyone who knows something of the condition in which the roads were turned over to the Government, and the strenuous attempts of the operators to sabotage governmental control, claims for

THE State of Wisconsin, we notice, has vindicated its title to the term "progressive" by being the first to extend to women full legal equality with men. It is to be hoped that other States will speedily follow this excellent example. We welcome the removal of the legal disabilities which women have hitherto suffered, first because discrimination in law between individuals or classes, on whatever ground it is based, is incompatible with any semblance of justice; and second, because when women have enjoyed for a period full equality with men, they may come to see how little freedom men themselves have to boast of under our precious economic and social system. From this they may, perhaps, progress to an effective interest in the only rights that will ever produce any lasting good for either men or women, namely: human rights.

THAT was an interesting disclosure of Senator Watson's about the eagerness of the State Department to get legis-

lative authority for a loan of five million dollars to Liberia, "in order to protect American commercial interests there." We should like to hear more of this: what kind of commercial interests, real or potential, have American citizens in Liberia, and who are those citizens whom the State Department hopes to benefit by purchasing the favour of the Liberian Government at a cost of five million dollars to American taxpayers? There is, as the Senator says, a significant precedent in this action; as far as we know, this is something new in dollar-diplomacy. We do not remember that the State Department has ever before come to Congress asking permission to use the public moneys for the doubtful purpose of greasing concessions for American investors in foreign lands.

THE persuasive threat of the Department, that England and France are ready to pay Liberia's price if we refuse, brings up another question: why are England and France always able to raise money for any purpose save the payment of interest on their obligations to this country? A mere five million dollars, to be sure, is a trifle, as Governments reckon their expenditures; still, we are unable to get even that amount on our overdue interest. Perhaps it is unfortunate for us as a creditor-nation that there is not some kind of international writ of attachment by which we could get a first claim on all our debtors' assets. This would simplify matters wonderfully for our State Department, which could then exclude French and British influence from Liberia by the simple expedient of attaching any amount it saw about to be handed over by one of those countries to the Liberian Government.

ALTHOUGH the Congress of the Third International has come in for rather less attention this year than last, the press is somewhat concerned over the fact that the Communists of the Left are still in control of the organization, and still intent upon the immediate achievement of world-revolution. From some of the comment that adheres to the name of Trotzky, one would think that he had the power of Moses to strike water out of a rock, or revolution out of a contented people. Where the past is concerned, rather than the immediate present, no student of human affairs really thinks that there can be found in pre-revolutionary propaganda a respectable explanation of revolution. The tendency is rather towards a belief that the revolutions of the past have arisen inevitably out of the conditions of everyday life. These conditions to-day, in countries outside of Russia, are no more controlled by Trotzky than they were in other times and places by Samuel Adams, Rousseau, Kossuth, and Louis Blanc. In so far as anyone is master of the situation, it is the conservatives; and in this capacity they must be regarded as the chief promoters of any upheaval that has occurred, or may occur. Their intense preoccupation with the suppression of Red propaganda simply distracts their attention from the results of their own routine activities; and in this fashion it serves the agitators better than they can serve themselves.

THIS paper is not disposed to rush to the defence of any Government or sect or party that employs the educational system for purposes of propaganda, whether the spoon-fed doctrines be those of servile economics, religious orthodoxy, super-patriotism, or what not; nor do we doubt that the Soviet Government has contributed somewhat to juvenile delinquency of judgment by using the schools upon occasion for purposes not strictly educational. If the Bolshevik authorities had entirely escaped this temptation, they would have shown themselves much more disinterested than the Roman Catholic hierarchy, or the governing class in France, or the Regents of the State of New York—to gather a few examples at random. As we have said, we are not disposed to defend the Communists for any defection in this matter; and yet we can not help being annoyed by this and other charges against the Soviet educational system, which Sir Paul

Dukes was privileged to make in the columns of last Sunday's *New York Times*. Perhaps Sir Paul has been recently in Russia; perhaps not. At any rate, he certainly does not see eye to eye with Mr. H. N. Brailsford, a recent visitor to Russia, and, we think, a thoroughly competent witness.

In his notable volume on "The Russian Workers' Republic," Mr. Brailsford says, "It may be honestly claimed, I think, for the Soviet Administration, that it has a better record in its relations to art and culture, generally, than any other Government in the civilized world." Elsewhere he says that the Russian Communist party "is ripening the whole Russian people for responsibility and power, by its great work for education. . . . It has . . . based its entire system of education not on any principle of passivity, receptivity, and discipline, but rather on 'self-initiative' and activity. . . . By its educational policy alone the dictatorship has set a time-limit to its own permanence."

If it be true that the dictatorship is inadvertently preparing its own end, then the Society of Friends is certainly helping the work along by looking after the physical welfare of some of the children who are being educated by the Bolsheviks. The Friends have apparently escaped the infection of partisanship, and their organization provides an outlet for the beneficence of some of our people who want to do a good turn for the children of Russia, without attempting any kind of indoctrination. However, Sir Paul Dukes is not satisfied with such a colourless business as this. He proposes to provide not only food and clothing, but education also, of a sort. To this end, schools and homes are being established on the outskirts of Russia, wherever refugees are gathered together in largest numbers. Sir Paul says that "the children of these schools are destined to form a leaven wherewith to purify juvenile Russia the moment the present system in Russia comes to an end. The call for funds should appeal to all, wherever they may be, who fear world-revolution or the canker of Bolshevism." A hundred and fifty dollars "will keep a boy or girl for a year, and mean one more child to help restore the world to sanity and one less for world-revolution." Subscriptions for Sir Paul's Russian Relief and Reconstruction Fund should be mailed to J. P. Morgan and Company, 23 Wall Street, New York City. The address of the American Friends Service Committee is 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia. With this information at their disposal, our readers will be in a position to pay their money and take their choice.

LIKE most people, we entertained in our youth an awestruck admiration for the swarthy pirates of the Spanish Main, and many were the day-dreams in which we stood, curved sword in one hand and pistol in the other, on the deck of a black-hulled ship, remorselessly watching some wretched victim walk the plank. Perhaps that is why we have been secretly thrilled by recent rumours of mysterious ships, without lights, which circled silently around peaceful and honest merchant-craft on the high seas and vanished into the night. We confess to visions of a reincarnated Dick Deadeye and a desperate crew, haunting the ocean highways and adding considerably to the excitement of seafaring. Now, to our chagrin, we are told that these mysterious craft are nothing more than schooners in ordinary commerce, whose captains are violating the laws merely through an unduly thrifty desire to save money on oil. They are not even of those errant Bolshevik raiders which made State Department nerves so jumpy not long since. Truly, romance has hard sledding in these prosaic times.

MANY good Americans who are not yet as old as Methuselah can recall the time when the country's most popular slogan was, "Remember the 'Maine'!" We may say for ourselves that we should not like to be invited some fine morning to remember the "Cleveland," or the "Sacramento"; and yet as long as American cruisers keep

playing hide-and-seek along the oil-coast of Mexico, the revision of the phrase is a daily possibility. As far as we can make out, the Mexican Government is doing its best to prevent trouble by increasing the military forces in the Tuxpan-Tampico region, and by drawing off the labourers left idle by the oil-producers' lock-out. In spite of all this, conditions are not exactly stable. Reports of minor outbreaks come drifting in, and it is even announced that one General has revolted—with fifty men. If President Obregon keeps the situation in hand, we shall be as much in his debt as are the Mexicans themselves. More than that, we shall suggest that upon the expiration of his term of office, he be made governor of our own sovereign State of West Virginia. They say that labour-troubles have resulted in one hundred casualties at Mingo during the past year. If we want to remember something, why not "Remember Mingo"? A shift in the centre of attention might be good for our souls.

In the business of destruction, peace hath her victories no less than war. The plowing and harrowing of Flanders' fields has been suspended for the present, but the implements of war-time cultivation are being gathered forehandedly into the patent-offices of all the civilized countries, and improvements in mechanism and technique are reported at frequent intervals. For example, there has recently been placed on exhibition in New York a "wonder-gun" which drives steel through steel as neatly and smoothly as a warm knife-blade through butter. As is usual when inventive genius strikes a bargain with the devil, the press proclaims a revolution in the art of warfare; the new contrivance will make war so horrible that it will be impossible. Perhaps so, but it seems to us that the fear of war can be no stronger than the fear of death; and the almost certain expectation of death has never held men back from the most dangerous duties that war imposes. The human race can hardly frighten itself into pacifism; but perhaps its very bravery will keep it looking down the barrel of his own inventive genius until suicide puts an end to every kind of nonsense.

By ironic accident, one of the visitors who came the other day to see the new slug-shooting machine was a Chinaman, a General of the Republican army. The invention, he said, was one of the most remarkable things he had seen in America. If he had not been himself somewhat infected with Western materialism, he might have called this contrivance the symbol of a century's dissipation of energy. He might have asked himself how it is that the industrialized Occident manages to turn so many wheels with such small result, while the unassisted human labour of his own countrymen still yields a surplus of time for contemplation and deliberate artistry.

IN the last decade, the Japanese population of the United States has increased 53.9 per cent, while the total population of France has fallen off nearly six per cent. The war is partly but not wholly responsible for the state of affairs in France; the natural decline in birth rate which accompanies any general improvement in the condition of life is a far more important factor in any long-term calculation. At least so it seems to us; and sometimes we wonder if it ever occurs to the native sons of the golden West that every new and discriminatory means employed to keep the Jap in his place actually helps to keep him at an economic and social level that makes for rapid multiplication. Thus far our Californians have chosen rather to attribute the increase in the Japanese population to the inhuman perversity of the Japanese nature.

WITH a shrinkage of three billion dollars in our foreign trade for the past year, and our merchant-marine up to 131 per cent over its pre-war tonnage, American commerce is reminiscent of nothing so much as Alice in Wonderland and her difficulties in adjusting her size, first to the tiny door, then to the high table where its key reposed, and so on. It has been so many years since

"Alice" formed the *pièce de résistance* of our literary diet that we are unable to recall just what device Lewis Carroll hit upon to get his heroine back to normalcy. We are quite sure, however, that we should have been unable to forget it if it had been one-tenth as incredible and fantastic as the Fordney tariff-bill.

ALTHOUGH loud-voiced prayer in public places is no longer so popular as it once was, one would hardly be justified in inferring from this circumstance that self-righteousness has gone into a decline. The attitude of the allied and associated peoples towards the Germans on trial at Leipzig would furnish proof enough to the contrary, if proof were needed. Anyone who kept his eyes and ears open during the war, must know by this time that the German soldiers were not the only ones who departed occasionally from the rules of the game. The effect of putting the Germans on trial, and letting the rest go free, is to condemn only those villainies that fail to contribute to a military victory. The attempt to mix morality and warfare is in itself a fraud and a delusion; and yet one can not read the comment of the press on the proceedings at Leipzig without feeling that there is here a particular fraud enclosed within the general one. The whole pharisaical procedure recalls the stories of Senegalese who weighted their belts with human trophies; of genial Tommies who confessed that they had dispatched their German captives, under orders; of Americans who boasted that certain units of the A. E. F. took many prisoners, but kept none of them. If these stories are still in boastful circulation among us, we may be sure that the Germans could themselves produce a bit of evidence worthy of consideration in a war-crimes' court that would call offenders of all nations to answer. "When the roll is called up yonder," there will perhaps be a chance for an honest hearing of this evidence. Meanwhile, it would be seemly for us and all our Allied friends to slack off this talk of German criminality.

IN the columns of the *Delineator* for the month of August, Vice-President Coolidge continues a crusade against radicalism in our colleges which reminds us insistently of the sporting activities of the people of the French Midi, as described by Daudet in his history of the heroic Tartarin of Tarascon. "Every Sunday morning," says Daudet, "all Tarascon took arms and issued forth from the city walls, with pouch and gun, amidst a great turmoil set going by dogs, ferrets, trumpets and hunting-horns. It was a superb sight to see. . . . But unfortunately there was no game, absolutely none." What, then, did the hunters do with themselves all the livelong day? They wined and dined interminably, in the shade of a well-head, or an old wall, or an olive tree, "after which, when they were well ballasted, they arose, whistled to their dogs, loaded their guns, and began the hunt. That is to say, each of these gentlemen pulled off his cap, threw it with all his strength into the air, and shot it on the wing. . . . The one who potted his hat most often was proclaimed king of the chase, and returned in the evening in triumph to Tarascon, amidst the barking of dogs and the flourishing of trumpets, with his riddled cap on the end of his gun. . . . As a cap-hunter, Tartarin of Tarascon had no equal"; indeed Tartarin seems to have been a kind of Mr. Coolidge. But things go differently with us; Tartarin had his Daudet, while Mr. Coolidge has only his *Delineator*.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Gerold Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huebsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1921, by THE FREEMAN, Inc., 27 July, 1921. Vol. III. No. 72. Entered as second-class matter at March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

IDLE TALK.

WE try to be friendly and civil to our neighbours, and when we disagree with them we try to put ourselves in their place, with the result that we are as a rule pretty tolerant and good-natured in the matter of our little differences. But there is a limit to this sort of thing, and the swift current of slop that has been poured out within the past two weeks about Mr. Harding's conference on disarmament, especially by our liberal friends, has carried us to that limit. We single out our liberal friends for particular reprobation for two reasons: first, they are popularly supposed to be intelligent, and are therefore under a corresponding obligation to do a little straight thinking and exercise a little common sense in matters of this kind; second, they are independent and can say what they like, and are therefore under a corresponding obligation to make a righteous use of their advantage.

The *New York Nation* and the *New Republic* may be fairly regarded as representative of liberalism, and we shall therefore confine our observations to their editorial utterances. Both these papers take Mr. Harding's proposal seriously; that is, they encourage their readers to think that something may come of it, something substantial, something which will not leave matters relatively as they now are. They do not show their readers explicitly who and what manner of men will be engaged in this conference, what their experience has been and what their record is, what their guiding motives are, what their controlling conditions and circumstances are, and therefore what may reasonably be expected of them when they embark in an enterprise of this kind. These two sins, one of commission and one of omission, we regard as sins of the first order, characteristic sins of liberalism, and it is against them that we wish to enter an emphatic protest in the name of reason and common sense.

The *New Republic* in its issue of 20 July, published an editorial in which it elaborately balanced a series of hypotheses in pairs, and arrived in the air. This was honest and meritorious, and on the strictly political view which the *New Republic* took, it could not do otherwise. But throughout the editorial there was no hint that the political view of the matter is preposterously superficial, a thing to be dismissed in a line; there was no intimation of the factors which control, and must control, all political action in the matter of disarmament. Either, then, one must assume that the *New Republic* does not know what those factors are, which seems impossible; or that, knowing what they are, it did not choose to give its readers the benefit of its knowledge.

The *Nation*, in its issue of 20 July published this:

Momentous, indeed capable of immeasurable benefits to struggling humanity, is the action at last taken by President Harding in inviting France, England, Italy and Japan to a disarmament conference and suggesting a special meeting in regard to the problems of the Pacific with China included! Every one will now overlook the lost months, if only this wonderful opportunity is utilized to the utmost. Never before were the possibilities so great. Eliminated is the Prussian militarism which brought the Second Hague Conference to ignoble failure; gone is much of the pre-war British desire to dominate the world by force, else the Harding proposal would not be greeted with such amazing acclaim by England's press and public men. Everywhere people are weary of the blood-letting and wearier still of the terrible strait-jacket of military expense which rigidly encases the business and industrial world and wastes priceless never-to-be-replaced treasures of the earth. Now the way opens. If Mr. Harding—who has wisely placed the con-

ference at Washington—will but take a strong and emphatic stand he may associate his name for ever gloriously with greater service to all the world than has been achieved by any other modern ruler. Pitfalls there are in sight, of course. Senator Borah may be right in regretting that the beginning is not to be with the three great fleets alone. But nothing ventured, nothing won. If only the other rulers meet the proposal with the enthusiasm and the frankness of Lloyd George in the Commons success will be certain. In any event the heavens shine brighter to-day over a tortured universe than for many a year because of the prospect that common sense seems to have begun to play in the matter of the elimination of the world's most dreadful scourge.

What can one possibly say of such extraordinary, such inconceivable fatuity as this? Nothing, perhaps, but what one is continually constrained to say to oneself, that the liberal is the only being in the world for whom, since the summer of 1914, nothing has happened.

If Fatty Arbuckle, Mutt and Jeff, and the editor of the *New York Times*, were appointed as a commission to consider a revision of the Westminster Confession or the Code Napoleon, average common sense would be aware that before their labour could be worth much, they would have to be dismantled, so to speak, and outfitted with a brand-new mentality, a brand-new experience. We believe that even our liberal friends would see, without prejudice and without disparagement, that this would have to take place. Just this too, for a similar reason, would have to take place before the Premiers of Britain, France, Japan and Italy could possibly qualify for service on a commission to consider disarmament. They are imperialists and nationalists, first and last; all their experience, training, prepossessions, all the influences that surround and control them, tend invariably that way. The same is true, we hasten to add, of Mr. Hughes. They do not know how to be anything else, nor is there the slightest ground for thinking that they wish to become anything else. They are the same old crew who dished the confiding liberals at Versailles, who went back on the terms of the armistice, who hatched up the secret treaties—in short, who have maintained with exemplary fidelity an unbroken record of deviltry and chicanery. Yet actually the liberal thinks, or thinks he thinks, that these men are to be trusted to do something more than come to some nominal understanding, with their tongue in their cheek, and then after disbanding, each one go home to devote himself to evading, circumventing or somehow nullifying this agreement. Astonishing! Josh Billings said that it is no disgrace to be cheated by a man once, but to be cheated a second time, is. We commend this observation to our liberal friends. Some of the English papers are protesting against Great Britain's being represented at the conference by Mr. George and Lord Curzon, saying that they are utterly unfit for such service. We do not presume to judge these newspapers' sincerity in saying this, but they are unquestionably right.

The Allied Governments, fearing Germany's future as an industrial and commercial Power, went into a sort of thieves' covenant to isolate her in Europe and render her rivalry impotent. Finally, with the aid of the United States Government, they knocked Germany down and proceeded to help themselves to what she had. Then the thieves' covenant lapsed; they at once fell at loggerheads over the loot, and now there is as much jealousy and suspicion rife among them as there is in a country church choir. That there could be any honest agreement among them with reference to disarmament is, under these circumstances, too absurd for a sensible person to consider for a moment. These

Governments are, however, all in trouble: first, with their taxpayers. The strain of keeping up armaments on the present lavish scale is making itself felt. Second, they are in trouble because Germany, not having to spend much money on armament, has them at an economic disadvantage. With her savings on armament, the difference in exchange, and the indemnity-conditions operating as a wet blanket on competing industry, Germany is winning back her old economic supremacy, and more besides, in a comfortable canter. Third, they are in trouble because trade is so poor everywhere, there is so little doing in business and so much unemployment.

Things, in short, are in such a way that something must be done; hence, Mr. Harding's call for this conference on disarmament. The conference will be apt to do two things. It will extend the lease of life of some of the Governments, notably Mr. Lloyd George's, which are at present insecure; because in those countries enough trusting souls can be found who, like the *Nation*, hoodwink themselves into the notion that the Government is really going to do something significant. The conference will also, in all countries, tend to quiet the taxpayers; it will assure them that it is just about to begin to commence to get ready to cut down expenses, and that will be enough for a while, and when the effect wears off, there will be perhaps another conference or something of the sort.

Either our liberal friends know these things or they do not know them. If they do not know them, they must have been as sound asleep as Rip Van Winkle for something more than seven years, and are therefore not in a position to have a respectable opinion about public affairs. If they do know them, and do not caution their readers against putting any serious expectations upon Mr. Harding's conference, all we can say is that we should be utterly ashamed of ourselves to be found trifling with our readers in any such fashion. We like our liberal friends and are always pleased to hear them chirp; but we shall have a whole deal more respect for both their sanity and their integrity when they leave off regarding armament as an issue and begin to regard it as a mere symptom. When they begin to discuss imperialism as the mother of armaments—not necessarily coming to our conclusions about it, but just discussing it—we shall give them a round of applause. When they begin to discuss landlordism as the mother of imperialism—again, not necessarily coming to our conclusions about it—we shall send them a wreath of immortelles. Up to the present, they have not done much with these matters, although they have had plenty of opportunity, and we ourselves have occasionally suggested something of the kind and rather wondered at their silence. But now that we have gotten started on Josh Billings, we can not forbear recalling another apposite maxim of the good old man. "Silence is alwuss safe," he said. "The deaf and dum seldom make fools of themselves."

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

A SERIES of articles appeared lately in a syndicate of American newspapers from the pen of no less eminent a personage than ex-President Poincaré. These articles are obviously written for the purpose of placating the uneasy minds of those people who are not so ready as they once were to accept the statements of the propagandists concerning the origin of the late war. Great changes have taken place since the committees for public information were demobilized. Secret archives have given up volumes of information that politicians and diplo-

mats fondly imagined would remain for ever buried in the cellars of the chancelleries. Moreover, M. Poincaré is doubtless aware that the French Government has lost caste everywhere since the signing of the armistice, and that the *post-bellum* military adventures instigated by the French military clique have quickened the interest of a good many people in the diplomatic history of the Quai d'Orsay. M. Poincaré seems to have a suspicion that the time is come when French pre-war diplomacy must be explained, if a further loss of prestige is to be avoided. Thus he strives to make Germany responsible for the Franco-Russian treaty. The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, it seems, brought about the Dual Alliance of France and Russia. In support of this theory, M. Poincaré goes back to the memorable meeting of Andrassy and Bismarck at Gastein in August, 1879, and out of that seeks to prove his theory that the Triple Alliance resulted in the Franco-Russian Entente. But let us glance at Prince Bismarck's own statement in his autobiography regarding his original reasons for forming the Triple Alliance: The Triple Alliance was designed for the struggle which, as I feared, was before us; between the two European tendencies which Napoleon called Republican and Cossack, and which I, according to our present ideas, should designate on the one side as the system of order on a monarchical basis, and on the other as the social republic to the level of which the anti-monarchical development is wont to sink, either slowly or by leaps and bounds, until the conditions thus created become intolerable, and the disappointed populace are ready for a violent return to monarchical institutions in a Cesarean form. I consider that the task of escaping from this *circulus vitiosus*, or, if possible, of sparing the present generation and their children an entrance into it, ought to be more closely incumbent on the strong existing monarchies, those monarchies which still have a vigorous life, than any rivalry over the fragments of nations which people the Balkan peninsula. If the monarchical governments have no understanding of the necessity for holding together in the interests of political and social order, but make themselves subservient to the chauvinistic impulses of their subjects, I fear that the international revolutionary and social struggles which will have to be fought out will be all the more dangerous, and take such a form that the victory on the part of monarchical order will be more difficult. Since 1871 I have sought for the most certain assurance against those struggles in the alliance of the three Emperors, and also in the effort to impart to the monarchical principle in Italy a firm support in that alliance.

Lord Ampthill, the British Ambassador at Berlin from 1871 to 1884, was under no misapprehension concerning Bismarck's objects in forming the Triple Alliance, for in a letter to Lord Granville, Lord Ampthill said: "The progress of democracy in England is a cause of very serious alarm to the Sovereigns and Governments, and they propose to meet it by consolidating the Monarchical League."

The text of the Triple Alliance of 20 May, 1882, and the additional treaties of 1887 and 1912 are now public property. Apart from the notion which underlay the formation of the Monarchical League, the alliance of 1882 was for the purpose of defending Italy from French aggression; there was, moreover, the intention of forming an alliance against the likelihood of a Franco-Russian combination, the idea of which seems to have haunted Bismarck like a nightmare.

M. Poincaré now says: "At this period there was no Franco-Russian Alliance, still less was there any question of an *entente cordiale*. Germany could not plead that she was threatened by encirclement; nobody was making her uneasy, nobody was provoking her." But the ex-President ignores the complexities of the European system, and passes all too lightly over the relationship of Russia towards Germany and Austria. Let us go back to Bismarck's own words.

Count Shuvalov was perfectly right when he said that the idea of coalitions gave me nightmares. We had waged victorious wars against two of the European Great Powers; everything depended on inducing at least one of the two mighty foes whom we had beaten in the field to renounce the anticipated design of uniting with the other in a war of revenge. To all who knew history and the character of the Gallic race, it was obvious that the Power could not be France, and if a secret treaty of Reichstadt was possible without our consent, without our knowledge, so also was a renewal of the old coalition—Kaunitz's handiwork—of France, Austria and Russia, whenever the elements which it represented, and which beneath the surface were still present in Austria, should gain the ascendancy there.

France, suffering from defeat on Germany's Western frontier and Russia, "inimical to Western civilization," always in warlike mood, on Germany's Eastern frontier, gave Bismarck much food for thought. He realized that Germany's geographical situation and ethical composition were such that encirclement of one sort could scarcely be avoided; but he was desirous of making her diplomatic and military encirclement improbable. We may call Bismarck by what opprobrious term we like, but his political reasons for forming the Triple Alliance were quite as sound as those of any other group-forming statesman. Like Pitt, Palmerston, Metternich, Thiers, Gortchakov and Lord Lansdowne, he played the political game for all he was worth, and did just what he thought best for his Government and his class. Granting the necessity of political and diplomatic action with a view to safeguarding his position in the system in vogue, what could be more reasonable than his statement of the case for a Triple Alliance:

If the German Empire were to come to such an understanding with Austria, an understanding which should have in view the cultivation of peace with Russia as sedulously as before, but should also provide for joint defence in the event of an attack by her upon either of the allied Powers, I should see in it an essential security for the peace of Europe. Thus mutually assured, both empires might continue their efforts for the further consideration of the Three Emperors' Alliance. The German Empire in alliance with Austria would not lack the support of England, and the peace of Europe, the common interest of both empires, would be guaranteed by 2,000,000 fighting men. In this alliance, purely defensive as it would be, there would be nothing to excite jealousy in any quarter; for in the German Confederation the same mutual guarantee subsisted with the sanction of international law for fifty years after 1815. If no such understanding is come to, Austria will not be to blame if, under the influence of Russian threats, and uncertain of the attitude of Germany, she finally seeks an *entente cordiale* with either France or Russia. In the latter case, Germany, by reason of her relation to France, would be in danger of entire isolation on the Continent. Supposing, however, that Austria were to effect an *entente cordiale* with France and England, as in 1854, Germany, unless prepared for isolation, would be forced to unite with Russia alone, and, as I fear, to follow in the mistaken and perilous course of Russian domestic and foreign policy.

Meantime England was settling down in Egypt, Tunis had become practically a French possession, and Italy as a consequence had entered the orbit of Germany and Austria. These developments caused much uneasiness in England, and there was nothing but ill temper between Downing Street and the Quai d' Orsay in the ensuing years. The history of the 'seventies and 'eighties reveals the fact that the stupidity of the British Colonial Office, and the reckless schemes of the Quai d' Orsay, were largely responsible for the so-called Pan-German movement. In 1873, Bismarck told the British Ambassador that he desired neither colonies nor fleets; and ten years later he still ridiculed the imperialist idea, but owing to the dilatory methods of the British Colonial Office, Bismarck found a noisy party rising in Germany in favour of a strong colonial policy.

Then followed a series of international collisions in

policy in Asia and Africa which brought Russia, France, Germany, Portugal and Britain into diplomatic conflicts which threatened the peace of Europe. Bismarck was now becoming impatient and, forced by the German Colonial party, he changed his attitude towards England and gave his tacit approval to Russia's anti-British policy in Asia.

So much for the conditions which prevailed in Europe prior to the formation of the Triple Alliance. M. Poincaré seems just a little unwise in raising the curtain on the history of those years. Moreover, there is another side of this matter, to which the ex-President does not refer; one which is inextricably bound with diplomatic procedure, but is seldom mentioned in public. That is the financial transactions which accompany all international ententes and alliances. The Russian Government sought and discovered financial aid on a large scale in France; and that was the chief basis of the Alliance. Formerly, the Tsar had gone to Berlin for his loans, much to the disgust of French financiers. It was, therefore, hard cash that brought France and Russia together; but the system being what it is, there is nothing unusual in that. Indeed, if it is not a loan that is wanted, it is land, for many imperialists think it more respectable to take the land of "backward peoples" than to go cap in hand for money to a firm of bankers.

Another significant matter which, by the way, is not mentioned by M. Poincaré, was the French Government's desire to set up an empire in the Far East. The probability of a struggle between England and Russia for the possession of India was common talk in those days, and France, in the case of such a conflict, naturally desired a victory for her ally; for, in that event, she would take her share of the spoil. It is rather interesting now to turn to the accusations made in 1909 by M. Gabriel Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister from 1894 to 1898, to the effect that when he took office, England "had conceived a triple design to assume the position of heir to the Portuguese possession in Africa, to destroy the independence of the South African Republics, and to remain in perpetuity in Egypt."

It really will not do for M. Poincaré to suggest that it was the Triple Alliance that brought France and Russia together. History tells another story about it. But one may reasonably ask, why all this stupid business of being ashamed of one's trade? Why have not our politicians the courage to face the stern realities of the unpleasant business they are engaged in? There is one thing, at least, to be said in Bismarck's favour (the same might be said of Lord Palmerston for that matter), that he was never ashamed of the methods he employed to weld the German Empire together, and to prevent her territory from becoming a battle-ground for the armies of other nations. Whether he succeeded or not in his purpose is neither here nor there. The important point is that he always looked ugly facts straight in the face and was never ashamed of his political acts. However poor a merit this may be, it is a merit; and Bismarck had it. M. Poincaré might learn from him at least a cynical decency, if he can do no better.

ON BEHALF OF THE HUMANITIES.

CLASSICAL education, as it is called, received a boost during the early part of this month, from the American Classical League, in a conference held at the University of Pennsylvania. The League is composed of teachers of Latin and Greek, and its guiding spirit is Professor

Andrew F. West, dean of the graduate school at Princeton. Mr. West has earned the admiring respect of every disinterested lover of civilization by his championship of the cause of Greek and Latin literature. He has been no fair-weather friend to the classics. In days far darker than these, days when the vocationalists and scientifickers, as Abe Potash might perhaps call them—there is no word that exactly describes them—when these fanatical advocates of natural science and bread-and-butter studies were apparently carrying everything before them, Mr. West was their staunch, uncompromising and unbeatable opponent. Only the other day we turned up an article of his, published in the *North American Review* all of thirty years ago, which revealed him fighting, then as now, on the side of the humanities; and his opening salvo at Philadelphia, if one may judge by the press-reports, showed that his powder is still dry and his artillery not honeycombed.

The League proposes to investigate the status of the classics in all the secondary schools in the country, and to institute, as far as possible, the latest improved methods of teaching Latin and Greek. This is an excellent enterprise. As Mr. West pointed out, old and obsolete methods are too much in vogue, and there is too much dry and uninspired teaching. Some standardization is possible, and if it be not overdone, if too much be not made of method, it is certainly advisable. The thing, however, which the apologist for the classics really aims at is admirably put by Mr. West: "a deeper appreciation of what language, literature and history mean, what our own national language means both as an instrument of thought and as a bond of national unity, what ancestral history means as 'the key to all history.' . . . To know this and teach it in a pure and enlivening spirit is to reveal the past, our past, in the present; to interpret each in the light of the other, and thus to keep in mind the best things that abide amid all change." Standardization of method will not bring about this appreciation; it may not, probably will not, do much for it. This is not to say that standardization of method is not a good thing or that it should be slighted; by no means. Let us have the best methods possible and let them be as widely diffused as possible; but let us remember that the appreciation which Mr. West recommends is a thing of the spirit, and that things of the spirit are spiritually discerned.

To keep in mind the best things that abide amid all change—how astonishingly good, how illuminating and suggestive a phrase to use in this connexion! It is a text or epitome, susceptible of no end of development and exposition, containing a complete and valid apology for classical education. One thinks of the phrase of Goethe which we have so often quoted. "The fashion of this world passeth away," he said, "and I would fain occupy myself with the things that are abiding." Just this is what a sound acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature most of all enables one to do. There are a hundred things that one could say in behalf of the position suggested by Mr. West's phrase, but we shall say only one; and that because no one else says it. We have always thought that a very effective plea for classical studies could be made out of the fact that a person who has engaged in them and gathered their fruit is so much happier than one who has not. For our own part, we have covered and re-covered the range of Greek and Latin literature year after year, for more years than one would perhaps care to acknowledge, for no purpose in the world but that of adding to life's general content of joy;

not of amusement or of pleasure, but of joy. We conceive this to be so strictly practical a purpose, and our experiments have been so richly rewarded, that we are led to wonder why more is not made of this view by those who, like the members of the Classical League, are interested in enforcing every possible recommendation upon a perverse and stiff-necked generation.

When classical studies are put upon the defensive, why not carry the war into the enemy's country? They have been on the defensive too long. Why not boldly lay down the postulate that life's primary purpose is to be enjoyed? If this be rejected as savouring of an irreligious and pagan hedonism, bring forward St. Augustine and that most austere of Protestant moralists and religious philosophers, Bishop Butler, and also the greatest genius for practical religion that our race has produced, the à Kempis of Anglo-Saxondom, Thomas Wilson, for fifty-eight years bishop of Sodor and Man. These authorities ought to square one with the orthodox. Then take the position that a man in whom the humanities abound gets immeasurably more joy out of life than one who does not know them. This, fortunately, is a position that can be held against all comers; the fact can be proved in so far as it is humanly possible to prove anything. Never mind any other consideration: let it pass that another exclusive type of training will make more money, more opportunities for profitable enterprise, more outlets for the instinct of workmanship. All this is debatable, but let it pass as irrelevant to the one issue of the enjoyment of life. Let us deny flatly the doctrine of Mr. Murdstone that "this is a world for action and not for moping and droning in"; let us turn upon those arbiters of our civilization, Gradgrind, Chadband, Quinion and Pecksniff, and curse and defy them to their faces; then let us show the emancipating and humanizing power of our favourite pursuits as realized in terms of joy.

This paper will cheerfully guarantee the effect of this line of argument upon young people, because the instinct of the young, being sound, is well aware that life is given us primarily to be enjoyed. Only when perverted by the ideals of our present society, only when it is touched and deformed by the hand of Gradgrind, Chadband, Quinion and Pecksniff, does it lose its susceptibility. A friend handed us the other day a copy of an *alumni*-publication of one of our great mid-Western universities. The editor had published an inquiry among the graduates concerning hobbies, and offered a reward of five dollars for the best letter he received in answer. The letter that won the prize came from a graduate of the class of 1897. His hobby, he says, is—

to think that the things I have are the best there are; to believe that my home, my wife, my family, my friends, my job and my State are absolutely right; to spend a part of each day doing something worth while for somebody beside myself, and to boast eternally and everlasting for my town.

How pitifully few of the resources of life, one says at once, are laid open by a university which could graduate a man of obviously excellent instincts to a hobby like that at the end of twenty-five years! On the margin of the column our friend had playfully scribbled in pencil:

This man wears Arrow collars, H. S. & M. suits with rolled-up trousers and a belt at the back, chews Wrigley's gum, sees all the Griffith pictures and reads the *Saturday Evening Post*. America for Americans!

In other words, his views of life and demands on life are a perfectly standardized product of Gradgrind,

Chadband, Quinon and Pecksniff, working upon the malleable material of an instinct originally generous, enthusiastic and expansive. Does not this example convey a sense of direction to the American Classical League and to all those who desire to promote, through culture, a more humane and more abundant life upon our society? We appeal to Mr. West himself to say what he thinks about it.

Our suggestion is that in the course of its investigation around among the secondary schools, the Classical League take occasion to talk to the young people about nothing else than the resources of joy that life contains and how best to get at them. We suggest that as many commencement-addresses as possible next year be made upon this topic, both in the secondary schools and in the colleges. We suggest further, that between now and then, the League should model all its apologetic and polemic literature upon this thesis. In that way a sound and vigorous instinct can be gotten to work powerfully on the side of classical education instead of being permitted to slip into opposition or indifference; and the instinct itself can be preserved from the fate that Mr. Murdstone proposed for young Copperfield, and that Mr. Gradgrind visited upon young Tom—the fate that our Murdstonian civilization and our Gradgrindian system of education still visits upon the immense majority.

CRANFORD TAKES UP ART.

It was not until the spring of his junior year at Yale that Cranford decided to take up culture seriously. Clearly, being tapped for Skull and Bones carried with it the responsibility for a deeper literary and artistic background than the comparative vacuum of taste and knowledge demanded by Psi U. Somehow the Harrison Fisher girls that peopled the walls of his room with smirking female health, the statuettes of Mutt and Jeff in tinted plaster on his mantelpiece, the uncut sets of Richard Harding Davis and F. Hopkinson Smith (sold with two years' subscription to the leading barbershop magazines) that reposed in oblivion on those shelves of his bookcase that were not cluttered up by decayed textbooks, seemed totally inadequate for this new and honourable status conferred upon him by Tap Day. Culture, which he had once thought of as a mere parlour-trick of effeminate who did not possess the magnificent talent of leaping over a six-foot bamboo bar into a sawdust-pit, became for Cranford a stern duty. As a "Bones man," as a figure in the social register of three cities, as a member of the coming generation of American *Samurai*, culture was incumbent upon him. "When *noblesse oblige*," said Cranford to me on one occasion, "why, damn it all, *noblesse oblige!*"

But a brief survey of the vast oceans and steppes of culture to be explored and conquered convinced Cranford that he would have to limit himself. If he were to try to vanquish all the arts at once he would have no time left for polo, or bridge, or even for his father's bond business to which he was heir apparent. It would therefore be better, he thought, to specialize in one subject—say civic service and political reform—and to acquire just a general, talking familiarity with the other fine arts. Nevertheless, Cranford was of the opinion that it would be a great economy of energy to dispose of one of the lesser criteria of culture first. It would give him self-confidence to have one art mastered and behind him.

Therefore he chose painting. Painting, or "art" as he generally called it, was a thing usually left to the womenfolk who "took it up" at finishing schools; but for all that, Cranford felt that it was not to be scorned by the cultured American gentleman. The memory of being dragged by his mother, however, through the galleries of Italy at the age of eleven—past thousands of imbecile Madonnas, troops of freshly circumcised, crinkly, sucking Holy Children, and countless perforated St. Sebastians—appalled Cranford beyond measure. He resolved to touch upon "art" lightly.

For after all, the main thing about pictures, so Cranford assured me, was to "spot" them: to be able to tell who painted them and to what school they belonged. These primary considerations, of course, forced Cranford to dismiss all the moderns as "fads and freaks," for it was impossible to tell anything about them with any degree of safety. Cranford's

grandchildren might have opinions about Cézanne and Monet, not to mention the even crazier cubists and futurists, but until the critical Olympians had told posterity what to think of them, or better, until the art-sharps on behalf of retired financiers began paying big money for them, Cranford determined to abjure the moderns, and be as loyal to the established masters as he was to the Grand Old Republican Party. He had been told by an art-critic of the *New York Times* that "all this modern stuff is just a clever attempt to disguise bad drawing, lazy workmanship, and moral degeneracy," and this seemed to Cranford a safe and unanswerable summary of the situation, which he immediately appropriated as his own. Indeed, he had learned in the hey-day of his patrioteering for the National Security League that "degeneracy" was almost as valuable an epithet as "un-American." It combined the maximum of slander with the minimum of meaning.

For long-established genius, however, Cranford formulated an ingenious identification-system, which he imparted to me in an expansive moment. Any painting populated by the dismembered corpses of saints, angels, monks, or the Holy Family was probably an Italian primitive. Pictures of this period had a way of being chipped and moth-eaten which lent itself to easy "spotting." Later Italians were so numerous that they did not repay the trouble of making an inventory of the characteristics that betrayed them. The Spaniards were much easier, so Cranford said, for Velasquez was the only Spaniard worth talking about anyway, and he painted only two pictures in all his life; King Philip the Something and the Infanta Isabella. You could always tell them because King Philip rode a badly made rocking-horse and the Infanta was a little three-cornered girl with a thin, blonde face. French painting was harder, for it had an irritating way of splitting into schools and "influences." Of course ladies and gentlemen all gotten up daintily, as Cranford expressed it, were probably Watteaus; though they might be Fragonards. Landscapes that looked like photographs out of focus were sure to be Corots. Any fruit or freshly-killed poultry famous enough to be hung in a first-rate gallery in France, was likely to be a Chardin. So much for the French. Consideration for the other arts forced Cranford to be brief and selective.

The Germans had to be handled with care, but thanks to the war all German art could be dismissed with proud punctilio. Cranford thought it a little disloyal to know anything about it, anyway. But the Dutch—there he was on firmer if neutral ground. The Dutch ran to tavern wastrels and ugly nudes with elephantine hips and bulging busts. It was hard to tell a Hals from a Rembrandt, but Rubens never painted anybody but his wife, a tall, blonde creature, with long, tapering fingers and finger-nails. You couldn't go wrong on Rubens, said Cranford confidently. In fact, any large canvas in Western Europe, not about war, was apt to be a Rubens. Cranford has an anecdote to tell about Rubens, and anecdotes, as Cranford knows very well, help a lot in creating an impression of culture. They establish the personal touch that is so welcome after listening to a lot of academic pedantry. It seems that Rubens had a son—bar sinister, as Cranford delicately explains—who inherited a gift for painting; but whether from his father or his mother, who was a celebrated courtesan from Rotterdam, Cranford does not know. This son was a living reproach to Rubens, who was a devout pillar of the Dutch (Reformed) Lutheran Church; but he endeavoured to expiate his indiscretion (or perhaps more truly that of Madame) by educating the little bastard and teaching him to appreciate his father's genius. Now the bar sinister lad, noting that his father never let him see a picture until it was finished, climbed one day onto the skylight of the grand studio in which Rubens worked, and peered down. What a sight met his wondering gaze! Seven men, of whom he recognized three as scene-painters from his mother's theatre, were wielding brushes with both hands, while Rubens, on a stepladder, directed them with a sort of megaphone. In the other rooms of the studio, which was divided into seven compartments, other pupils were busy manufacturing Rubenses for the Scandinavian market. Coming home that evening, Rubens praised the lad for his bright little study of a bar-wench picking a dragoon's pocket, and asked breezily, "Well, my child, have you seen my latest picture?"

"No, father," replied the base-born boy, "have you?"

Cranford dismisses the Russians as having no command of the visual arts at all. They were purely musicians and acrobatic dancers. For, as Cranford explained, the great thing to remember about Russia was that it escaped the Renaissance. That accounted for almost anything, from samovars to Donets basins.

Finding Scandinavian art distinctly "pro-German," Cranford will have none of it. But he yields to nobody in his admiration for the British painters who are so easily pigeon-holed by his "spotting" formula. Consider Turner, for example. Who could mistake those colour-combinations; and the Pre-Raphaelites, how readily they are detected! Cranford does not quite know why they are called Pre-Raphaelites since they are so obviously *post*, but he doubts not that there is a good reason. He thinks that Watts is "spiritual" because he painted allegories, and that Lord Leighton must have been a sensualist or a pagan to have painted such a *Psyche*. But best of all he likes those Rossetti and Burne-Jones girls: they are so confounded pretty.

Naturally, Cranford believes that America will produce the greatest painting the world has ever seen. As he says, "Now that we have developed the country and made everybody comfortable and happy, we will tackle art." He admits that we have no immortals as yet, except Sargent and Whistler (whose portrait of his mother Cranford considers "full of beautiful maternity"), but that is to be expected, since we are still a young country and have to be encouraged and coaxed along. The European nations have had centuries head-start on us, says Cranford, but we will soon show them a thing or two. "Any nation," declared Cranford to me a few weeks ago, "that can produce a Gary and a Leonard Wood can produce a dozen Raphaels and Rembrandts." Nor is Cranford without constructive suggestions as to how to proceed in the matter. Now that the Republicans are in power again, he thinks that a ninety-per-cent *ad valorem* tax on Old Masters would go a long way towards protecting and encouraging our Young Masters, if any.

EDWARD E. PARAMORE, jun.

THE CENTENARY OF BAUDELAIRE.

THE centenary of Baudelaire has been observed lately in Paris. There was little display in the celebration. A few writers had persuaded the municipality to place a commemorative inscription upon the house that stands to-day on the site of Baudelaire's birthplace: they availed themselves of the hundredth anniversary to set up the tablet bearing the inscription. The admirers of the poet gathered in front of the house. There were a few addresses, some delivered by public officials, the President of the Municipal Council of Paris, the Prefect of the Seine, others by representatives of various literary societies, among them a few excellent poets. Then the gathering broke up.

The simplicity of the ceremony would undoubtedly have pleased the man who was its hero. Whatever may have been said, and in spite of certain appearances, Charles Baudelaire lived with great simplicity. He knew very early the difficulties of life; it was through many sufferings that he conquered them. Concern for his personal dignity, of which he was very jealous, seems to have removed him from the camaraderie of the common life. He never sought for his work a garish publicity. When malevolent critics of weak intelligence denounced as immoral his admirable book, "Les Fleurs du Mal"; when dull-witted magistrates condemned it and fined him, obliging him to suppress certain poems in the collection, he was disconsolate: others would have been delighted and would have used the prosecution and the condemnation as a means of self-advertisement. It has been assumed, too, that he cared only for the more singular and unusual sensations and that he had, in consequence, a taste only for strange artists and writers. Nothing is more false. He admired the vast genius of Victor Hugo; he liked poets as simple as MarceLINE Desbordes-Valmore and Auguste Barbier; and if the songs of Béranger shocked him with their coarseness and their vehemence of emphasis, he rendered an homage that reveals his feeling to the wholesomeness and freshness of the verses composed by Pierre Dupont, a popular writer who was justly famous about the year 1848.

When one really knows Baudelaire's work, one perceives that it is by no means that of a man in search of the bizarre. It is, no doubt, marked by an extreme diversity. Baudelaire's was an open mind, a delicate sensibility: it was his wish that nothing in the world should escape his curiosity. He aspired to all the joys and to all the sorrows as well. It was not only beautiful writers that he cared for; he rejoiced in the sight of a beautiful picture; he was ravished by the sound of a beautiful melody. Sounds and colours moved him; a perfume never left him indifferent; he sought communication with everything in nature.

He spoke of himself as romantic, but for him romanticism was only in the manner of feeling; in his taste, in his regard for proportion, in the precision of his style, in his knowledge of composition, he is of the purest kin of the classics. There is no doubt that he had studied the poets of the sixteenth century and those others, too little remembered to-day, who flourished at the opening of the seventeenth. Some of his verses sound like those of Théophile de Viaud; and, before him, Tristan l'Hermite had sung the splendour of a beggar-girl with red hair. He did not undervalue the illustrious authors who were contemporaneous with Louis XIV. The Don Juan whom he shows us arriving in hell is not unrelated to the heroes of Molière; the Andromache who comes to his mind is not only she whom Virgil paints but she whom Racine celebrates also. He did not share the unjust disdain of Boileau which so many of his friends affected. The critics and philosophers of the eighteenth century were his familiars.

Those to whom one speaks of Baudelaire see in him, as a rule, only the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal." There are some who also think of the "Petits Poèmes en Prose," and a few who go so far as to remember the "Paradis Artificiels." There are those who have not forgotten that Baudelaire was the translator of Edgar Allan Poe. But how many recall those volumes in which his critical studies are assembled? Yet, if one wishes to take the exact measure of Baudelaire's intellect, one must not neglect these two volumes. It is there one can form an estimate of his wisdom and his insight. His "Salons," the manner of which occasionally recalls that of Diderot, are very interesting. He weighs the merits of the painters with a rare justice; and, even to-day, his judgments would be almost universally ratified. How many defects he perceived in artists who were then at the height of glory and who have now fallen into ridicule! How many virtues he discovered in others, of whom people at that time thought little, whom they even jeered at, and before whom they bow to-day!

It was to Delacroix that his admiration especially went out; Delacroix whom, in his poem, "Les Phares," Baudelaire does not hesitate to praise in the same breath with the greatest of the old masters: Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Watteau. But among the youngest of his contemporaries he was able to distinguish those who had talent and a capacity to become masters in their turn. He defended Courbet when people were still attacking him; he was among the first to speak highly of Manet; and, when Whistler had hardly made his debut, Baudelaire gave him a discerning eulogy.

He wrote little musical criticism; but an article on Richard Wagner, whose luminous genius is to-day decried by obscure musicians, suffices to prove that Baudelaire always knew a great artist and was able to give him the rank that he deserved.

To the poets of his time he strove to be just, and

regarding many of them we share his ideas. No one has spoken more accurately of Victor Hugo; no one has better marked the place that is his due, not among French writers alone but among the creators who have illustrated for all time the genius of man. Baudelaire was moved almost to the point of extolling Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, perhaps the most tender, the most affectionate poet that has ever lived. As a literary critic, Baudelaire offers a constant example of enlightened knowledge and impartial intelligence.

Is it not, lastly, a sign of Baudelaire's extreme perspicacity that he should have been the first, in France, to appreciate the greatness and the beauty of Edgar Allan Poe, that he should have translated his work, and rendered it popular, so that for us the glory of the one remains firmly linked with that of the other?

It is not surprising that the influence of Baudelaire should have become more and more commanding; and it is upon the poets who are described as symbolists that this influence has been most clearly exercised. As we study his work we see how natural this is. Symbolism is, in reality, as old as poetry itself. One may find symbolist expressions in Homer, in Hesiod. When Æschylus, wishing to render the calm and animated beauty, the joyous and magnificent serenity of the sea, speaks of the "innumerable laughter of the ocean's waves," he speaks as a symbolist poet. When Virgil says that "in the marsh the frogs sing their ancient plaint," he, too, speaks as a symbolist poet. Dante somewhere imagines a "sorry sky"; elsewhere he says that "Proserpine has lost the spring": there is symbolism again. In Shakespeare, in Corneille, in Goethe, in Victor Hugo, symbolist verses abound. Baudelaire, however, was more constantly symbolist than the poets who had preceded him: he was, especially, more consciously so.

Baudelaire was haunted by the idea of the "universal analogy." In his essay on Victor Hugo he explains what he means by this term. Everything in nature, "form, movement, number, colour, perfume," has a signification, everything is in correspondence. In everything one can find the sign of a thought, of a feeling; everything has the value of a symbol; for some the symbols remain dark, for others they become luminous. Now the poet is "a translator, a decipherer"; his clairvoyance indicates to him the signification of everything that surrounds him; he penetrates "the mysteries of the analogy." It is thus that he encounters the images, the comparisons, the words that are necessary for the expression of his thought.

In a celebrated poem in "Les Fleurs du Mal," one of those irregular sonnets such as he frequently wrote. Baudelaire sums up forcefully and concisely the same theory. He makes of nature a temple that is upheld by living pillars; from these pillars issue confused words; man traverses

des forêts de symboles qui l'observent avec des regards familiers. Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent. Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants, doux comme les haubois, verts comme les prairies. . . . D'autres . . . chantent les transports de l'esprit et des sens.

It sometimes happens that a man is capable of discovering the theory of an art but is powerless to bring it into practice. That was not the case with Baudelaire. His poetry shines through the justice and the subtlety of its analogies. Everything moves him. Often, on a bright morning or on a beautiful evening, in town or in the country, one feels oneself stirred to the depths because a tint in the sky, a play of light, a passing sound, a perfume that brushes by one has set singing in one's memory some wonderful verse of Baudelaire.

It is good to have had a public celebration of Baudelaire on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of his birth; but, for a long time, the poets have been celebrating him every day. He is their intimate companion, and they love him.

A.-FERDINAND HEROLD.

TO MAKE FARMING PAY.

THE grain- and cotton-growers of the United States are organizing nation-wide marketing associations. When one considers that the annual value of these two major productions is between three and four billion dollars one gains an impressive idea of size. But mere size is unimportant when compared with the psychological portent and avowed intentions of such organizations. Already six and a half million American farmers are in the co-operative movement. Out of the morass of economic uncertainty the farmer, essential capitalist and individualist as we are in the habit of thinking him to be, is actively working towards economic salvation through co-operation.

For fifty years a paternal government has assumed that the American farmer is wholly unable to take care of himself. For fifty years the same paternalism has exhorted the farmer to "keep producing." True, paternalism has developed systems for breeding animals so that cows will give more milk and steers more beef—to the great advantage of the milk-distributors and the meat-packers. It has shown the farmer how to make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. But it has signally failed to show the farmer how to sell his milk, his beef, or his corn.

To the public the farmer has been saying: "You want me to keep producing. You want me to stay on the farm. I am perfectly willing to do so if I can make such a profit as will enable me to maintain a reasonable standard of living." For fifty years the farmer has been asking himself: "Why don't I make a profit out of farming?" For fifty years he has failed to find a satisfactory answer to his own question, and the United States Government has failed too.

But in 1915 the American farmer suddenly made a significant change in the wording of his question, "Why don't I make a profit out of farming?" became "Why don't we make a profit out of farming?" In making this change the farmer took the first step towards finding the answer to the question: "Why is farming as a rule unprofitable?" What was the cause of this sudden change that turned the farmer from an individualist into a collectivist? Almost overnight he began to develop a group-psychology; to think of himself, not as an individual producer, but as a member of a great industry. He began to view his problem, first, as a local, next, as a State, then, as a national and finally as an international problem. In a word he suddenly realized that farming was a great world-industry, and that what benefited the industry of farming as a whole would benefit every individual engaged in it regardless of locality, nationality, colour, or politics.

Three dominant factors may be named as having had great influence in bringing about this change of mind in the American farmer: first, the programmes of the farmers' educational societies in which the Government itself has had no finger; second, David Lubin, who for thirty years had preached the doctrine of collective marketing, through self-governing, non-political farmers' associations; third, the rise in California of a number of intellectual leaders, students of economics who promulgated programmes, which were backed by the State of California itself.

The work of those educational societies was generally limited to the development of the social life of the farmer. To them must be given the major credit for spreading the thought that maintenance of high community-standards would bring community-prosperity. But while the work of these societies was efficient, it was not sufficient because it offered no solution to what was after all a problem of practical economics—better marketing, cheaper distribution, rural credits. Neither the societies nor the farmers had yet discovered that the social problem was inextricably bound up with the solution of the profit-problem, that every time the farmer sold his products at a loss, he took his loss out of his standard of living.

David Lubin, the great sage of American agriculture, conceived the idea of developing an economic distributing machine which would minimize speculation and reduce the waste that now accompanies the cost of transporting food from the producer's farm to the consumer's kitchen. He conceived this to be possible only through collective action on the part of the farmer, and David Lubin was a man of sufficiently powerful personality to get this idea to the farmers of the country generally, although only to the Californian farmers with any marked degree of success.

The farmers of California followed theory by direct action. Just how direct this action was, the public outside the borders of California has, perhaps, never been fully informed. In 1915 the State of California officially recognized the value to the community of the fundamental principles laid down by Mr. Lubin. Senator Hiram Johnson, then Governor of the State and a friend of Mr. Lubin, recommended what was at that time considered one of the most radical steps ever taken by a State government, namely, that the State itself should organize its farmers into self-governing economic bodies, non-political in concept, but committed to the policy of collectively marketing through separate organizations the various agricultural commodities produced in the State. It is worthy of note that Governor Johnson not only advised the farmers to organize, but actually offered State aid in organization. All the forces of the State machinery were set in motion to accomplish this end, and by 1920 over twenty-five great farmer-organizations had been formed by the State of California with over 100,000 farmer-members whose annual volume of business exceeded \$350 million.

Intellectual leaders were discovered and the State approved and actively supported their work. Men of experience and personality, not necessarily farmers, appeared on public platforms, and exhorted the farmers to "Produce, produce, produce. We will show you how to market profitably all you can produce." The farmers, who had hitherto viewed with suspicion every attempt to assist them, gradually realized that the State itself could have no interest other than to benefit the farming-industry. Within three years sixty per cent of California's farm-products were being sold through farmer-associations which had been organized by the State. The farmers passed from a condition of comparative poverty to one of unparalleled prosperity. These economic organizations clearly demonstrated that farmer-control of distribution of a whole commodity would minimize speculation, eliminate unnecessary waste in the cost of distribution, standardize quality and stabilize prices, and that, moreover, it would put farming upon a basis where it was reasonably certain to return to the producer a profit sufficient to enable him to maintain a high standard of living.

But in one regard the State was particularly wise. Having removed the barriers of suspicion which had always stood before the farmer when one of his own fellows had tried to lead him to adopt new and different economic methods, California realized that it should have no part in the farmers' organizations when once they were formed. It realized that the farmer is just as competent to manage his own affairs as anyone else; and to-day the organized farmers of America are proving their utter competency in this regard. Some of the greatest specialists in food-marketing and distribution are now employed by these farmer-associations at salaries ranging as high as \$40,000 a year—a figure at which governmental paternalism, if it had kept a finger in the pudding, would have stood aghast. But the co-operating farmers will brook no governmental interference. They abide by the laws, and they are determined not to enter the political field. One can well imagine what would happen if ever they should change their minds! California's farmers have become a shining example of the power of collective action to the other farmers of the country, and other States are now following the precedent set by California.

The grain- and cotton-growers are the first groups to think in terms of national organization. Their object is to eliminate speculation in grain and cotton on the exchanges, and they realize that no force, save the grouped effort of every grower of grain and cotton in the country will avail. Modern business may deny a hearing to the individual grower, but it is now listening attentively and must soon act under the compelling influence of the combined growers of an entire commodity.

State boundary-lines are artificial, and especially so when it comes to farming. Farmers who produce the same crops in several States are now realizing this, and are thinking in national terms. The rise of national co-operative marketing-associations is the logical development of the submersion of the individual ego of the producer.

The development of nation-wide farmer co-operative associations was first conceived by Aaron Shapiro, a San Francisco attorney, who was the most active leader in developing the farmers' organizations of California. Mr. Shapiro was the first to conceive the idea of applying national co-operation to wheat, cotton and tobacco. Some idea of the strength of the movement may be gathered when it is known that more than 35,000 farmers in Oklahoma alone have joined the Cotton-growers' Association and this in but one of the nine cotton States which are organizing. The latent strength of the co-operatives is a thing to be marvelled at, especially when one considers that the economic movement is but six years old and is going through all the growing-pains of a healthy and lusty youngster.

Internationalism is already looming on the horizon. The Canadian grain-growers have adopted the same plans as the American co-operating wheat-growers, and are moving towards a policy which, if carried forward, will undoubtedly eliminate international competition among wheat-growers. Argentine groups, too, are looking towards this same end, and groups of European farmers are asking for information regarding those plans which are putting American agriculture on its feet.

Quién sabe . . . it may yet be shown that after all it is the farmer who is the most complete internationalist.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF A POET.

In the pencil-drawing done by Gabriel Rossetti in 1849, probably as a preliminary study for his "Ecce Ancilla Domini," his sister Christina at the age of eighteen has an other-worldly air, but there is freedom in the poise of her bent head and in her full downward glance; the whole portrait has a spiritualized touch of that sprightliness which William Rossetti was so fond of insisting that Christina possessed. No other portrait of her has the same untrammelled look. A little earlier as Mary, in "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," she is rapt but a little severe. The drawing done by Gabriel Rossetti when Christina was thirty-five indicates something static; and ten years later in the portrait with her mother, both rapture and calm are gone, and there has come instead an intensely centred grief, a worn fixation of the lines of eye and mouth and chin. Another drawing of about this time shows pride and even bigotry in the long, solemn countenance.

It seems unlikely that Gabriel Rossetti superimposed the exquisite freedom which appears in the early pencil-drawing, for that quality is vividly present in his sister's poetry of this period, and it recurs transiently, like an echo, in a few scattered later poems. "Goblin Market," written before she was nineteen, has the richest charm and freest fancy; and there is a rich fluency, which sometimes mounts to passion, in some of the love lyrics. Gabriel Rossetti remarked—a little enviously, one fancies—that Christina was a more spontaneous poet than himself, and he was right. She had, too, at least a nascent perception of subtly complex emotions, which showed in "A Triad," the poem of which she was later so morbidly ashamed.

But probably no poet who has shown distinction equal to Christina Rossetti's has ever put forth a mass of expression so trite, so conventional, so repetitious. She achieved an enormous bulk of writing, something over a thousand poems, and scarcely more than a hundred of these are of value; a far smaller number is really notable; even the religious poems which occupy so large a place in the collected volume are seldom touched by her gift. When they are not empty they tend to be strained and contorted; and her few scattered prose-writings drop to a most desolate level. Emotion she certainly seems to have had and to have kept; the changing expressions of her face, which show both in her brother's portraits and in the many photographs, suggest strong feeling, repressed, restrained, diverted perhaps, but surely deeply existent. There is, of course, the familiar notion that the lyrst always spends himself in youth; but with Christina Rossetti the question seems rather to be why she did not spend herself more completely, and the loss is the greater because her native quality was so fine. She was not really a second-rate poet. She helped to precipitate again the feeling for pure song at a time when poetry was becoming heavily thematic. Her name is still a touchstone; with all her vast inequalities, her tradition still endures. She was a link which served to make possible the advent of a poet like Mr. W. H. Davies, harder though he is, and possessed of a delight in the outer world which she never had. Her limpid music reappears in some of Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay's verse, in spite of great divergences of feeling. She is echoed in the mixed production of Miss Sara Teasdale, and perhaps of half a dozen other contemporary poets who use rhyme and simple rhythm.

Christina Rossetti seems to have failed for a profound but simple reason. She transferred her creative attention from her literary expression to herself. But it is not too easy to fix upon her the whole burden for this offence. The most profound and insistent influence of her youth was that of her mother's religious faith, intensely personal in its conception of the relations between man and God, intimately concerned with the fact of mortality. In Mrs. Rossetti this faith was placid and sane; but it was caught up by Christina's older sister Maria, a dominant, buoyant, fanatical young woman, a zealot if ever there was one, who looked like Savonarola

and who possessed some of the passionately persuasive powers of that reformer. Christina thought Maria a saint, and herself by contrast the most wretched of sinners. There is nothing to prove that Maria shaped Christina's decisions; but with her unremitting religious ardour, her rather coarse and positive fibre, she certainly helped to mould her sister's temperament.

Christina should have remained at the rim of so excited and burning a feeling. Hers was one of those highly impressionable, sensitive, not quite reasonable minds which are easily warped by strong and immediate forces. "Wayward," William Rossetti called her in speaking of her youth, and she should have kept the waywardness which would have left her free to meet experience as it came to her. In her earlier years, indeed, she did maintain her own abstracted poise; her childish verse is sweet and natural, if more than a little grave. Her first religious poems—and religious by temperament she certainly was—are sometimes quietly lovely, poems of simple mood. She was not weak; she had a good measure of obstinacy and wilfulness; she showed these excellent qualities in minor relations throughout her life. But her impressionability allowed the positive certainties of her mother and sister to cut deep. She learned to seize upon her religious feeling, to magnify it; and how should not this be right, since faith itself was so right a thing? Mortality was an immanent fact, a perennial religious consideration; and she herself was of delicate health. She became absorbed in the possibility of her own death, expected it, related it to her faith. (She lived to be sixty-four.) She had her father's gift of improvisation; little mirroring verses fairly dripped from her pen. She was encouraged to let them drip—on these topics—not only because they pleased her mother and sister, but because they found a responsive general public. Unconsciously no doubt, but none the less actually, she began to exploit her emotions.

Perhaps her really airy moods, her feeling for fantasy, were set within influences which were too binding. Perhaps her task was almost impossible, the equilibrium which she needed to maintain almost too delicate. She had little or no check, offset, or relief. The Rossettis belonged to no social group: William Rossetti said that he never remembered seeing his mother go out to an evening party. Except for the Italian exiles who drifted in for conference with the elder Rossetti, the family had almost no acquaintances. Christina lived all her life in the midst of those narrow family relations, that solitude and inertia, which were almost a convention for unmarried women of her time. For her, indeed, they reached a point of excess. Gabriel and William could escape; but for a young woman of Christina Rossetti's station and upbringing there probably was no escape.

At the outset, however, at the time of her first genuinely creative period, when the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was beginning to assert itself and she had through her brothers—in fact through her achievement in the *Germ*—a few more various contacts; her fate must have been to some extent in her own hands. Indeed she had her chance, if not to release herself, at least to prove an emotional integrity; and she lost it. In her brief affair with James Collinson she made one of those choices in essential attitude which young people make so easily and which are sometimes so final. Collinson was dull; his portrait of Christina shows him to have been insensitive, unimaginative, untalented. William Rossetti believed that his sister would not have cared for Collinson if he had not declared himself. But she evidently thought that she loved him, and out of her seemingly genuine feeling came some of her more perfect lyrics. Yet even in the few months of her comparative happiness she dallied with sentimentalisms, dramatized her feeling and exalted it, invented and elaborated pretty—and sad—little situations in verse; and when she decided that she must break her engagement because, after several vacillations, Collinson made up his mind that he could not leave the Catholic faith for the Anglican, she acted very much like a tenuous young lady in an early novel.

Thoroughly and completely she fell into the popular, sentimental tradition of "L. E. L." becoming to a woman and doubly becoming to a poetess, and gave herself up to what her brother Gabriel coldly called "the legitimate exercise of anguish." She fainted when she saw Collinson in the park. She went into something of a decline; she even dictated a poem from what she imagined to be her death-bed. She wrote incessantly; and her poems with their careful dating almost form a diary. The curious fact is that for a time her product remained mixed. Much of her verse "smacked rather of the old shop," as Gabriel told her with acute and brotherly frankness. Languishing, she wrote many a "lively little ballad of the tomb." But she also wrote a few lovely poems. Her "Convent Threshold" is a passionate translation of her sense of loss; and her "Echo," which belongs to this period, is surely the earlier and greater expression of the theme framed in Mrs. Meynell's "Renouncement." But renunciation became her perennial theme; she felt herself singled out for woe, for sacrifice; she poured out a swelling stream of verse in which she turned the central emotion over and over, took it to herself, tried to snatch and hold it—and reproduced it feebly.

At this point her dogma and her experience flowed irresistibly together; her faith welcomed renunciation. Often, it is true, she became the recipient of divine mercy; but mercy, for example, seldom or never seemed to come to her as a benison, flooding her awareness of herself; it was seldom quite central, rarely the acute, informing motive of her expression, not its true subject. Her "I," with its subsequent bit of narration was her subject. She became more and more deeply involved in the narrow range of her experience; her own feelings grew to be of enormous importance to her, and in her verse it was her feelings which crowded forward. With her eye upon herself and her impulse that of stressing her own singular pain, she slipped farther and farther from those springs of genuine emotion which alone can create poetry. Worse, she assumed an attitude, an habitual gesture.

The gesture apparently betrayed her into her unnatural refusal of Charles Cayley, whom she came to know in her early thirties. Cayley was poor and unsuccessful, a scholar, a translator, a very minor poet, who had difficulties in making a living. His failures seem to have attracted Christina rather than otherwise; and her feeling for him lasted to the end of her life. She refused him, as she had refused Collinson, for religious reasons. Cayley was not only not an orthodox Anglican, he was a sceptic; and this fact formed what seemed to her an insuperable bar to their marriage. Yet her religious convictions did not play an instantaneous part. Her first feeling—miraculously enough—was fresh and untroubled, if the very few of her best lyrics of this time may be taken as a test. But at the point of decision it would seem that the emotional habits of years were too much for her. She had accustomed herself to a certain level of feeling, to certain accentuations of idea; she had elaborated a situation in which she was to play a special part. When the scene was fixed again, she again rose to her rôle; she created an emotional crisis. But there can be no question of what it cost her. The worn but still beautiful profile which appears in the double portrait with her mother is a partial indication.

Her refusal of Cayley was a turning point so far as her poetic production was concerned; the decline even of her secondary verse was sharp, and she began now to write her tiresome prose. As poetry fled, her mind became more and more closely indrawn; her sense of the importance of her own tiny choices, decisions, relationships, grew to be enormous. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells of her strained scruples in the simple matter of signing a petition against the destruction of a part of the New Forest. It took endless argument to convince her that the protest was truly worthy; and then as she wrote her name she twice suspended her pen in order to make sure that she had not overlooked some small consideration. She pasted strips of paper over two lines in the central

chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon" because they seemed to her wicked. Her manner became increasingly solemn. Gabriel Rossetti spoke of her "almost stereotyped smile." Before she was fifty she put on caps and renounced vanity in dress, wearing clumsy draperies and coarse shoes, twisting her hair into an unbecoming knot, pinning stiff collars with a stiff brooch. At the last she became tragically concerned for the welfare of her soul. Unlike Maria, who had rapturously anticipated eternal bliss, Christina died in an agony of self-abnegation, believing that she might have sinned too grievously in her simple life to obtain divine pardon.

Yet her poetic gift never actually perished. It ran along, more and more frequently submerged, it is true, but still faintly existent even in her last years; and there is something heartening, even thrilling, in its survival after the emotional onslaughts to which it was subjected. Possibly a genuine power never really ebbs away, or has its brief flare and then dies. It may only fail to persist in strength because of some fatal spiritual obstruction, some conflict in experience which deprives it of that subtle freedom which it requires. The lyrst always goes a difficult and perilous way. He seems to celebrate himself continually; yet if he does so in fact, he is lost. His own emotions are the springs of his expression; yet he dares not capture or hold them.

He who bends to himself a Joy
Doth the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

It is not different with sorrows; when they are spent, they are spent; and religious emotion likewise can not be seized and exalted without disaster. The true lyrst is obliged to combine adventure and asceticism in the matter of emotion; more than any other kind of writer, perhaps, he must forgo the luxuries of feeling, the delights of mere expression. Christina Rossetti revelled in these to the full—saintly, unhappy egoist! The stout volume which holds her verse is, even with its flashes of beauty, the record of a great waste.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XI.

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AFRICA, April, 1921.

DAYS, weeks go by, my estimable Eusebius, and I do not move. There is no reason why I should stay on this green hill more than another except that it is doubtful whether I should find another so perfectly related as this to the mountain on the other side of the valley. The sun and the moon rise behind the mountain and a little to the right of it, at night, is the Southern Cross. Behind me is a savanna full of buck of all kinds, wild pig, leopards, wild cat and more insects than God ever thought of when he made the world, in which there are many things not according to design or specification—but then God made the world in six days and rested the seventh day. It may be that the insects got a good start on the first Sunday.

I can lie back here and think in terms of lazy nonsense. One or two letters reach me every week but they are always so long out of date that they have answered themselves long before they reach me. I can always get a month-old newspaper and read it, marvelling at the wretched journalists who have to pretend that something is happening every day whereas it is becoming clear to me that everything important happens long before it is realized, and by the time it is so, there is nothing to be said about it, so that really there is no need for a daily newspaper at all. The day's prices could be placarded in the streets, and the moving-pictures could give the results of baseball, football, prize fights and, for the rest, news could go from mouth to mouth, or we might return to the telepathic communication by which the black men here are said to send messages over thousands of miles. There would, of course, have to be weekly papers, like the *Freeman*, in which people like myself could print the writing which they can no more arrest

than they can arrest their breathing, and a paper of that kind would be a healthy relief from market-prices and baseball and such wars as there may be, though wars are so uninteresting that they should be allowed no comment. At least a week is necessary before you can find out what you think about an event or a person or a subject, and, happily, the more you think the more time you find you need for it, and the more convinced you become that there is very little about which you need have an opinion.

On my green hill I find that I am quite astonishingly in touch with what is going on in the world. Mr. Bonar Law resigns; some one or other tells me so within a week. I give that as an instance: it does not matter whether Mr. Bonar Law resigns or not: if it were something vital I should probably know it within twenty-four hours, and adjust myself accordingly. But at present nothing vital can happen because things are in such a mess that no one can do anything but go on making a living as best he can and trust, quite rightly, to that process to bring about some amendment in the course of time; and, when you come to think of it, that is all that ever can be done or ever is done. Even during the great war it was so, because most men went into the army as the only means, while the war lasted, of making a living—and a very easy irresponsible way of doing it for which millions are now sighing—a preoccupation apparently so delightful that they can not face the fact that if you live irresponsibly for five years the responsibilities of the next ten are immeasurably increased. The pleasure may be worth the price: not having shared the pleasure and yet being compelled to pay part of the price I can not tell: but it is a point that should be decided now and not left to posterity.

Sense and nonsense chase each other in my thoughts, when I am not working (a very few hours in each day just now), and to relieve my hesitation as to what I am going to do—go East or West, return to London via New York, or to New York via London—I have acquired two horses, a gelding, name of Jones, and a mare, name of Ariel, and my feelings are so deeply engaged that I do not see how I can return to London or New York without Jones. It would be rather fun to ride him up Fifth Avenue in my present costume—breeches, shirt and sunburn, saluting and being cut by my elegant friends—and to take him in to lunch at the Plaza. He is a gentleman, is Jones, and New York would be delighted with him if I said I had brought him back from the land of the Houyhnhms. (I should have to have a "story" about him for the newspapers who will never let a horse just be a horse, or a man a man.) But alas! the world is a sophisticated place. Jones and I would be made to feel that our proper place was the cinema and that the proper method of progressing up Fifth Avenue is by car or green 'bus or by walking dressed as every one else is dressed so as not to be noticed.

When the time comes I shall probably sell Jones quite heartlessly, but for the present I revel in his friendship which has none of those reservations which make human friendships so distressing and often so painful. There always are reservations, a wife, or a mistress, or some obscure business complication or a lurking scandal, things which can neither be avoided nor confessed nor altered. Now I do not care a bean what Jones's past has been or what his future may be, nor does he care about my past or future. I mount him and we ride up into the hills. He knows a great deal more about the mountains and about riding than I do. He picks his own way and he very gently lets me know it when I am worrying him. He knows, as I do, that in the cool hours of the morning the smell of the mountains is good, that the air is sweet and satisfying, thrilling every nerve with its caress, and neither he nor I seek any interpretation of it all, or expect any material result from our understanding of each other and the mountains, and we make no deductions from it. We can not quarrel, for it is when people (and I include horses) begin to make deductions that they quarrel, and make impossible demands on each

other, and contrive ludicrous laws, and write bad prose, worse verse and tedious plays.

Understanding is the basis of everything, so why shift from it? I asked that indignantly the other day when, turning from Jones to Shelley, I found him in "The Sensitive Plant" understanding marvellously and then making intellectual deductions so that his poem was wrecked. Why turn what you know into a programme? It is not often that you or I really know anything, and if only it is left alone it always has the most salutary effect upon our actions, that is upon our grasp of any situation that arises. People like Shelley made deductions and programmes in order to influence the actions of others, which are no affair of theirs, and they become, as nearly all writers do sooner or later, impertinent. Write what you know, my dear Eusebius, and leave it at that. If you write what and when you do not know you will be one of two things—a liar or a prig, and though you make 100,000 dollars out of the public, a lie, or a piece of priggishness takes a deal of living down. Jones at any rate is neither liar nor prig and he is my friend.

I am beginning to think that the human race is really very wonderful after all. No sooner does one stay still in a place than one begins to accumulate things, people, animals, habits, without any particular desire for any of them. Five dogs have already taken up their residence with me, the aforesaid horses, sixteen oxen waiting to move on, four black men to look after me, and three to drive the wagon and, as far as I can make out, more black men to look after the other black men. I engaged a cook. He had a "brother" who always worked with him. Another "brother" brought the cook's wife, and no sooner was the cook's wife well installed in her hut and filling it with a smell of smoke and mealie-beer, than along comes the cook's father, whom the cook said he had not seen for twenty-five years. A very old, long, thin, wrinkled and naked man, the cook's father. He saluted me with an upraised arm, sat down near my tent and set about curing a leopard skin. That took him many days for he slept a good deal and cook said cheerfully that he would soon be dead.

Yesterday cook came to me and said:

"My fader can't go away until he have money."

"O! What does he want money for?"

"My fader has to pay tax. Velly old man, my fader, can't work."

"How much does he want?"

"Ten pounds!"

"Good God. What does he want all that for?"

"Pay tax and want money for my sister and my brother and many children. Don't want to give money, m'koos. Lend money to me. I give to my fader."

"But suppose I haven't ten pounds."

A wide smile: "M'koos has much money."

His father got the ten pounds and I received the leopard skin as a present: really a present because the cook works for me for the ten pounds, and can not leave me until I sign him off on his pass.

The black men are delightfully indifferent to money, though they know exactly when money is due to them and how much, but that comes from a kind of meticulousness which runs through all their dealings. They will begin to sharpen their axes if one of them is beaten unjustly, but if a boy has deserved punishment it is taken without a murmur. Personally, if it came to the point of my having to beat a black man, I should call for Jones, ride him to the nearest railway, sell him and go back to civilization admitting that I had no business among these people.

GILBERT CANNAN.

MISCELLANY.

THE announcement that Mr. Gordon Craig is likely to visit this country in the fall has set me re-reading "The Art of the Theatre." All who are interested in the theatre and in theatrical experiments should read this brilliant book, though they will have to recognize that

Mr. Craig's counsel is not going to be directly helpful even to our theatrical experimentalists. Thus, for example, he tells us that in his theatre the spirit of poetry will always be present, but the words of the poet will never be heard—which does not sound very helpful. Art, says Mr. Craig, is the harmonious creation of a single mind, and the acted play, as we all know, is a composite of the dramatist's mind, the principal actress's mind, the principal actor's mind, the stage manager's mind, and the stage director's mind. How then, he asks, can we speak of the acted play as a work of art? What should we say of a picture that was composed in this way? Mr. Craig appeals to the dramatist to help him to destroy the theatre in which plays with words are acted, saying something like this: "A dramatic idea can only be put before the spectators in lighting, costumes, scenery; in gesture and in dancing, in the word spoken and the word sung, but in action always. The words are only secondary—indeed you must perceive that they are unnecessary. And now about the players. Actors and actresses are always intruding their own personalities and breaking up what should be a harmonious creation of a single mind. Marionettes can express the dramatic idea more perfectly. I appeal to the dramatists as artists. They must admit that the acted play is not a work of art. Let them then help me to destroy the means of producing it."

A FRIENDLY invitation, is it not; and what reply should the dramatist make to it? He would admit, I imagine, that the acted play is not a work of art. Then he might become bold and suggest that the acted play was invented to show us something that "the harmonious creation of a single mind" could not show—the creation of life from moment to moment. He might go on to say that we all desire the sight of movement—the flames on the hearth, the drifting of leaves in the stream. The stage sets the frame for the movement of life, and not merely the physical, but the spiritual movement. The play when acted, surely breaks up the formula; it is not the harmonious creation of a single mind as the picture is or the statue is, but the picture and the statue are bounded things and the play is an unbounded thing; and the greater the play the more unbounded it is. Mr. Craig imagines that in the beginning of things dramatic some poet foisted a script upon the dramatist-actor who, until then, had put dramatic action before spectators without using words. Ever since that time the simple-minded players have been carrying on the work of advertising the poets who had learnt the trick of writing dramatically. That is why Mr. Craig is such an ardent advocate of the theatre of marionettes.

Is the work of the dramatist complete in itself? Mr. Craig certainly raises that question. If it is complete in itself, why do we ask that it be interpreted by stage-managers and players? The answer is that the written play is not complete. Give the script of a play to one who has never been in a theatre, who has never seen a play acted in a barn or a drawing-room, who has never heard an account of an acted play, and such a person will make nothing of the script. The play seems complete to us because we have trained ourselves to act the parts mentally and to translate indications of movement, character and voice into actual movement, character and voice. We make the play intelligible by making ourselves the audience and the actors. The play as written is incomplete and it exists to be translated into action. It is true that certain plays can not be given on the stage—or rather, passages in certain plays can not be given—passages in "Prometheus Unbound" and in "King Lear" are often mentioned in this connexion. In these passages the dramatists have indicated a life the movements of which can not be given by such actors as we know—the dramatists here have lapsed into an idiom for which the existing stagecraft offers no corresponding equivalent.

THE literary life is not yet a possession of all the people, even though reading has become a common habit. Almost everybody sees a daily newspaper, and millions read light weekly and monthly magazines, but relatively few Americans are *au courant* with the product of the book-publishers. A single novel may occasionally sell in the hundreds of thousands; as a rule—if there be rules for phenomena—this does not occur more than once or twice in a season, but for every success of that kind there are hundreds of new novels whose circulation is limited to a thousand or two. We might hazard the guess that the total output of new fiction in a year in America does not exceed two million copies. Two million in a land of 105,000,000 people.

CONCERNING the output of books other than novels, only the exception goes so far as to make more than a passing impression on the American consciousness. Yet in spite of the sterile ground, there is promise of a crop in the activity of the small professional literary group. There are many persons whose sole vocation is letters, and among them there is a steady increase of those who devote themselves to criticism. Until a short time ago there were perhaps only a dozen newspapers which regarded current literature as important enough to warrant paying a man to write book-reviews exclusively. True, many papers printed reviews of a kind, reviews prepared by friends of the editor or by members of the staff, and paid for with the book and nothing more. The dozen or so of reviewers or literary editors overcame their isolation by communicating with each other through the public medium of their respective papers. On the one hand, this personal touch gave the literary pages a slightly provincial air—one was always reminded of the old-time village newspaper—but on the other, the readers of Chicago, for example, were gradually familiarized with the merits and foibles and prejudices of book-critics in Baltimore and Boston and New York. The banter of the reviewers widened their readers' view of the literary field and made them witnesses of the reviewers' belletristic jousts.

SIGNS are not wanting that the needs of a larger public are being met, even if slowly. Where years ago only newspapers in the large cities printed reviews and literary gossip at weekly intervals, to-day one finds, in many smaller cities and towns, similar departments conducted with taste and knowledge. A bright young man of the Chicago school, so to speak, writes provocatively in a newspaper published at Prescott, Arizona; a thoughtful critic contributes reviews of really serious books to a daily paper published at Bloomington, Illinois, that are worthier than many that reach New York's public; and elsewhere, in centres ordinarily considered to be engrossed in commercialism, the newspapers produce significant testimony to a latent idealism which one day will find expression in a native culture. Students of this development should not fail to observe one noteworthy fact: the voices through which this idealism becomes articulate belong in large part to men and women who are rebels against the old social, economic and political system.

MARTIAL music broke through the parboiling blanket of heat that threatened to smother Fifth Avenue a few days ago, and the listless crowd turned from the shop-windows to the street. The white-wings were on parade, an annual event which Manhattanites take for granted with the indolent acceptance which they extend to anything that happens more than once. Colonel Waring was a sound psychologist; he was appointed to the post of Street Cleaning Commissioner by the "reform" mayor, Strong, whom an indignant city hurled into office as a protest against revelations of Tammany Hall's corruption. The cure did not prove to be much better than the disease; but the vision of Waring and the intelligence of his administration left a mark on his department that survives even to this day. It is perhaps twenty-five years since Waring promulgated the order to street-cleaners to dress

in white duck. The newspapers howled; the uniforms could not be kept clean; the cost of laundering would be a hardship on the men; aside from all this, the thing was an absurdity. The whole country took it up, the editorial wiseacres, the cartoonists; and while the shouting went on Waring made angels of the lost souls whose very presence in their jobs was an earnest of their unfitness for any more dignified occupation.

THEY were a nine-days-wonder; for the first time people deigned to recognize the existence of street-cleaners. Soon they became accustomed to them, and many who had come to scoff remained to brag about the department. Then Waring instituted the annual parade; and the men, though at first sheepish and self-conscious, began to acquire the pride that accompanies all forms of organization among men who are without inner resources. They ceased to be men cleaning streets; they became members of a department. The group-spirit dominated them. On the practical side, the advantage of the uniform lay partly in the fact that it became impossible for a man to shirk his work without being detected; in his white clothes he was too conspicuous to risk detection in a beer-saloon or on a park bench.

WARING did not stop with the men; he demanded well-kept carts and horses, and he induced friends to offer annual prizes for the best-kept animals. The discussion created by these simple expedients of a wise man—a former army-officer, by the way—was a disclosure of the naïveté of New Yorkers who were averse to anything that looked like innovation. Few dreamed that a quarter of a century later nothing of the Strong administration would survive except a faint and pawky malodour clinging to the word "reform," and a self-respecting organization among the lowliest of men, who once were the despised and rejected of our society.

JOURNEYMAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

WHO MADE THEE AN ALLOTTER OVER US?

SIRS: The Associated Press reports, 24 June, that "the Council of the League of Nations to-day awarded the Aland Islands to Finland." Suppose instead they had awarded the Leeward Islands to Guatemala? What then? I am, etc., Berkeley, California.

CHARLES WONDERS.

DR. JORDAN RESTATES HIS CASE.

SIRS: In my recent note to the *Freeman* I fear that I failed to make clear my point as to the slum.

The slums of American cities have their roots in Europe. The slums of London are mainly an English product. Whatever their historical origin, their present problems are mainly, though not wholly, biological. With the reversed selection to which they are subject, they tend to form a slum-breed, incapable of holding its own in the natural strain of life; hence tending to slip deeper into ignorance, impotence and vice, influences which wreck the individual, although not directly affecting the breed.

Reversal of selection (removal of the fit) arises from self-extraction of those of good stock, with withdrawal of the best of the residue as soldiers and sailors; while the bulk of its men, useless in war, remains to breed, "the picked half-million" of the land being slaughtered. It is always "the man who is left" who determines the future of any society or nation. I am, etc.,

Stanford University, California. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

A SCANDINAVIAN CLASSIC.

SIRS: In the *Freeman* for 25 May, in the review of the "Scandinavian Classics," Mr. Ernest Boyd makes the following statement concerning the Swedish writer Verner von Heidenstam: "The author, of course, is primarily a poet, and his prose, even in the original, would hardly have placed him in the front rank of contemporary Scandinavian literature." The reviewer seems to imply, also, that Heidenstam's chief work in prose, "Karinerna," translated by Mr. C. W. Stork under the title of "The Charles Men," was included by

the American Scandinavian Foundation in its series of Scandinavian classics only because its author was a Nobel prize-winner.

This, it seems to me, is entirely unjust both to Heidenstam and to the American Scandinavian Foundation. With respect to the latter, it has ever been its policy in the choice of classics to avoid, as much as possible, any thought of commercialism, opportunism, or other purely external factors. Each volume of the series selected for publication is chosen first of all on its own merits; although circumstances such as native popularity and the official recognition by an accredited institution like the Swedish Academy might well have a secondary influence in favour of the author.

In the specific case of "The Charles Men"—which might well have been called "The Swedish Carolinians"—the Foundation has again made a happy selection. The intrinsic literary and historical value of this work is beyond question, a value which was recognized in Sweden years before the Nobel Prize was added to the author's honours. "Karinerna" has become a national Swedish classic in the fullest sense, being read by all classes of the community with equal interest, pride, and appreciation.

Nor is this well-earned popularity due entirely to the subject-matter of these stories, or to the heroic, fanatic, and almost demoniacal personality of Charles XII which dominates the book. It is no less a matter of technique, language and the extraordinary mastery of local colour. Heidenstam possesses a style which is determined by a combination of realism, at times astonishingly naturalistic, and an historical imagination, which is suffused with a more or less definitely expressed moral conviction of faith in the future.

In general, Heidenstam's object is to portray truth as he sees it, and his conceptions of truth are driven home with exceptional force, whether they be expressed in prose or verse. Swedish critics recognized his prose artistry as early as 1889 when "Endymion" appeared. Of course, Heidenstam is not equally great in all phases of prose technique. Originally a painter, seeking to record a momentary situation or action on his canvas, it is only natural perhaps that Heidenstam as a writer should be greater in objective descriptions than in the subtle psychological analyses of the soul; nevertheless we somehow come to know the thoughts and characters of his heroes and heroines from their actions, manners, and surroundings.

Heidenstam is an artist of imposing rank, both in prose and verse, and the American Scandinavian Foundation has in no wise lowered its standard—on the contrary—by publishing "The Charles Men." I am, etc.,

ADOLPH B. BENSON.

A PLEA FOR TURKEY.

SIRS: "There is one thing," says Mr. Arthur Symons, "more fatal than most other things in the world: the education which gives facts without the long meditation through which they should have come into the mind." This is precisely the quality of education with which we are most familiar in this country. It teaches us almost anything except to use our intelligence, to satisfy our desire for investigation and mental adventure, to broaden our outlook and sympathies, and to exercise an independent judgment. It fills our minds with a conglomeration of rules and ready-made valuations, drills us to accept without questioning anything that is uttered with an air of authority—such as, that our Government and our nation are the greatest and best in the world, that the history of the Anglo-Saxon race is the history of civilization, and similar flattering statements, all of them designed to make us self-satisfied and docile—and so creates a public that is ignorant, trivial and readily susceptible to the influence of press, priest and politician.

Nowhere is this blind acceptance of catchwords more apparent than in the attitude of the American public towards Turkey. Not one in a thousand has enough of the spirit of fair play to investigate the Turk's side of the case, to study Turkish history and religion before arriving at conclusions; the rest of us are content to echo the cry of "the unspeakable Turk," or "the terrible Turk," little realizing that the phrases have been coined by Turkey's political enemies, the British, French, and Italian Governments, who wish to divide the Turkish Empire among themselves, and to whom the patriotism, vitality and integrity of the Young Turks' movement is a thorn in the flesh—for a regenerated Turkey would not only block Allied expansion in Asia and Africa, it also would become a centre for all the Mohammedan peoples scattered throughout the world. The propagandists of these three

Powers have never ceased to spread a net of lies and half-truths about Turkey. One of their favourite themes is that of "Turkish atrocities"—especially against the "poor Christian Armenians." The atrocities of the poor Christian Armenians against the Turks are charitably overlooked in silence—so is the fact that in Turkish eyes the offence of the Armenian is not that he happens to belong to a Christian sect, but that he is a political enemy and traitor, who, while Turkey was fighting for her life, tried to stab her in the back. Even so, intelligent people ought to take these highly-coloured accounts of "Turkish massacres" with a grain of salt, remembering that at the time of the Balkan War similar accounts of Turkish massacres were traced back to their sources by the Rockefeller Investigation Committee and were found to be untrue. (*Vide* the findings of that committee which are available to anyone upon request, at the Rockefeller Institute in New York.)

Another familiar reproach is the "natural backwardness and viciousness of the Turk." At the same time the Young Turks, who have done their best to stir their country to a nationalistic renaissance, come in for a generous share of scandal and attack. Few people in this country realize the almost insurmountable difficulties which confronted those courageous young leaders when on 22 July, 1908, they forced the Sultan to re-establish the long-suspended Turkish Constitution, and themselves took hold of the reins of government. They found Turkey in the humiliating and crippling chains of "capitulations" and "agreements" which the Governments of Britain, France and Russia had forced upon her. These financial arrangements left her no chance to procure the financial aid that is necessary to every serious reform. Unable to increase her tariff, to levy new taxes, or to tax the privileged foreigners trading within her borders—in short, deprived of her fundamental national rights—Turkey was able neither to create a sound economic system nor to develop her resources.

When the history of the years 1908–14 comes to be written, the world will realize the enormous sacrifices Turkey was willing to make in order to be able to enjoy (even with restrictions) the rights and privileges granted to the least of the Christian States of Europe. Turkey was kept in an enslaved condition by the diplomacy of the European Powers. Wherever the unfortunate Turk turned in his efforts at the reorganization of his country, he was met by distrust and hostility. The only hand stretched out in help—was the hand of Germany. When the inevitable conflagration broke out, Turkey was faithful to her promises and when the end came, went down to defeat and dismemberment at the hands of her enemies. But the end of Turkey is not yet, and the people of America would do well to study the Turkish problem without bias and preconceived hatreds.

The declared policy of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the present leader of the Young Turks, is one of "Hands Off Turkey." The principal points of his programme are: "Respect for the crown of the Caliphate; complete independence of Turkey; no cession of Anatolian territory in favour of any State; no foreign control or mandates; freedom in foreign policies; guarantee of the rights of minorities." This programme, Kemal declares, contains no hostile intentions towards the Allies, but "the Turkish nation," he says, "will maintain its national dignity, proving to the world its entire fitness for remaining in possession of its sacred soil." I am, etc.,
Yonkers, New York.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

ART AND LIFE—AGAIN.

SIRS: The interesting article on "Art and Life" by Mr. John Gould Fletcher in the *Freeman* of 25 May suggests further reflection, and perhaps calls for a hint toward rectification.

Its general tenor will doubtless shock those—and they are still in the majority and need to be shocked—who think that art exists to teach moral lessons. But perhaps those who have passed beyond that idea will not be quite satisfied with Mr. Fletcher's assertion that the individual is none the better for his experiencing of works of art.

Of his previous assumption, that life itself is useless, it may be said that while reason can not justify life, reason itself is only an instrumentality of life, and the part can not justify the whole. Even if our reason tells us that life is worse than useless, that it is vile, we may, as the English philosopher, Dr. L. P. Jacks says, resolve to know the worst, not for the sake of the pessimism that knowledge alone would lead to, but in order that we might do the best under the circumstances.

If, therefore, we cease to ask of art, as of knowledge, a "panacea for human ills," we may begin to ask of it what it actually has to give us. Mr. Fletcher says that he is no better

for having read Homer, Dante, Rabelais, etc., and asks if anyone is better for having heard Bach's B-minor Mass or for having seen the Sistine ceiling. Surely his assertions and questions are meaningless?

Although life may be useless, we all desire it; and our criterion of good—assuming that we are no longer bound by external or churchly standards—is consciousness. The man who is half-conscious, or simple-minded, who may know but does not know that he knows, is considered an inferior type when compared with the man who is keenly self-conscious, who is capable of introspection and of the use of the imagination. So Mr. Fletcher is at least different for having read the writers he names, and it would hardly be unwarranted to call that difference a betterment.

The place of art in life has been misunderstood among English-speaking people of the twentieth century partly because the view that holds the least of error was badly stated and in a way that aroused their prejudices. Walter Pater spoke of art as something that gave the highest value to the moment as it passed, as something that "set the spirit free for a moment," that "proposed frankly" to give nothing else, and that perhaps appealed to "the children of this world"; and when Oscar Wilde tried to live that philosophy the course of events made complete a discrediting that in any event might well have come from Pater's unfortunate phrasing.

For Pater nodded when he wrote those phrases. Art does make the moment worth while, but in addition it permanently changes our consciousness. A drink of cold water may make a moment very much worth while, but we soon forget it. Wilde never differentiated between making moments worth while by sensuous means and making them worth while by imaginative means. A child at first is purely egoistic, then he learns to love. In manhood he learns personal-sexual love: something that was outside his range of feelings in infancy. In other words his field of consciousness steadily widens; and, short of senility, it never narrows. The infant could not understand the story of Abelard and Heloise. But the old man who has once lived through such a story does not forget its meaning just because he is too old for love.

So it is with art. Every individual work of art is the expression, purged of all practical reference, of some definite emotion. The subject, the form, the colour, the rhythm, are all means for expressing to the full this emotion. Once having felt it our whole emotional "set" is altered to that extent—and permanently. Moreover, these emotions interact. The newer painters wish us to regard each picture without any comparing, to rid ourselves of associations of ideas. In the sense that we ought not to like a picture because it is a "likeness," that desire on the part of these painters is sound. But we can not look at a picture as if we had never seen another one before. Every perception we have is at least half pre-perception. Sometimes there is enough pre-perception so that we can clearly distinguish the stock and barrel of the revolver which is suddenly pointed at us—only to find later that the practical joker had used not a revolver at all but a piece of wood. The Whitman whom Mr. Fletcher has read was not the same—to him—as he would have been if he had not read Shakespeare first. Even Whitman's rhythms would sound different to a man who had the Shakespearean rhythmic norm in his mind.

Then why should art be "for the children of this world"? Here, surely, Pater is keeping too close to life—and perhaps Mr. Fletcher too close to life, as well. The artist, Mr. Fletcher tells us, "seeks to restate the old elementary problem—what does the life around him mean?" But is that always true? The novelist may do so, but is not the novelist as much a philosopher as an artist? Does not art often pursue a life of its own quite apart from everyday life? In his essay on art and life Mr. Roger Fry tells us of more than one such instance. Notably after the victory of Christianity over Paganism in the Roman Empire, a profound change was led to by profound social causes, and yet, says Mr. Fry:

the art of the Roman Empire showed no trace whatever of this influence; it went on with precisely the same motives and principles which had satisfied Paganism. The subject changed and became mainly Christian, but the treatment was so exactly similar that it requires more than a cursory glance to say if the figure on a sarcophagus is Christ or Orpheus, Moses or Æsculapius.

Similarly we may contrast the exquisite art of China with the squalor and unbelievable dirt and disease among which many of its producers and appreciators live.

This would lead us to the belief that there is a solid foundation for the contention of another English critic, Mr. Clive Bell, that art is independent of history, that when we say that the artist creates "significant form"—that is, form which has an aesthetic appeal, that arouses the aesthetic imagination and

gives us a new emotion—we have all that can be said. But Mr. Bell abstracts too absolutely. He will not admit that there is any connexion between these emotions and life—to him they are akin to those emotions which only the worker in pure mathematics has felt.

To such a conception, however, one may prefer Mr. Fletcher's idea that art is life transformed and intensified, only we must not make the mistake of judging the life-made-into-art, by the values of ordinary life. In everyday life we have a scale of values which experience has taught us. In art we not only do not have a scale but we do not need it. Who would wish to compare William Blake's—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night

with Mr. Walter de la Mare's—

The primrose palely burning through the night.

But, on the other hand, who would not admit that the primrose is just as effective a vehicle as the tiger for conveying to us an emotion which is certainly not of this world as we know it every day.

But surely the life in art, the storing of our minds and souls with these delicate things, makes us, in some sense, if not in the ethical sense, "better"; and if so, Mr. T. Sturge Moore is right in defining beauty in semi-ethical terms, thus:

Beauty improves by educating elevation, delicacy, and refinement and it also exhilarates; and in Greece, and even once or twice since, you might have found whole companies that would have stared at you, if you had suggested that art had any other business than the discovery and revelation of the beautiful.

Even if life were perfect there would still be room for art, for life can be only one thing at a time, and of the perfect we may tire. But in art we can leave the perfect, cloying present for the enchanting because distant past, or for the non-existent mountains of the future or the never-to-be:

With frosty ulyss overgrown.

I am, etc.,
Chicago, Illinois.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BOOKS.

COMRADES AT THE CROSSROADS.

THAT was a memorable day, the joys of which I can convey but feebly, when, a half-score years ago, there appeared among us those two kindred books: "Selon Ma Loi" by Georges Duhamel and "Livre d'Amour" by Charles Vildrac, followed a little later by the "Printemps" of Georges Chennevière. Here were impulses that were fresh. Songs of the morning, a revelation of nuances as delicious as they were unexpected—all that is young and robust burst forth in these poems, hesitated, and then asserted itself, reminding one of an Easter day which blooms sweetly as if to make up for the musty sins of winter.

Ten years have passed and again we behold the three companions marching toward us. Once more, at the day's end, they meet at the crossroads at the old hour, as at a rendezvous. In other words, there have just appeared, at intervals of a few days, the "Elégies" of Duhamel, "Poèmes" of Chennevière and "Chants du Désespéré" of Vildrac; and to make the feast more nearly complete, preceding or following these others, we see the familiar faces of André Spire with "Tentations," Jules Romains with the "Voyage des Amants," and Luc Durtain, who comes a little tardily with his "Retour des Hommes."¹ It is a unique reunion, in which, after the heavy years of silence, these poets find themselves seated side by side as of old, with their talents still fresh and strong, and richer than ever in the possession of newly discovered territories. Their visages have retained their characteristic

¹"Elégies." Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

"Poèmes." Georges Chennevière. Paris: La Maison des Amis des Livres.

"Chants du Désespéré." Charles Vildrac. Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française.

"Tentations." André Spire. Paris: Camille Bloch.

"Le Voyage des Amants." Jules Romains. Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française.

"Le Retour des Hommes." Luc Durtain. Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française.

features, but, as might be expected, the various periods in their careers have left their mark upon them. From the Duhamel who gave us "Compagnons," more than eight years ago, to the Duhamel of the "Elégies" there has been a stretch of road of the kind which counts for much in the life of any man. The stages of his journey are to be found marked in the "Vie des Martyrs," "Civilisation," "La Possession du Monde" and "Entretiens dans le Tumulte."

Duhamel's latest volume, the "Elégies," carries two dates of a sober and sufficient eloquence: 1912-1920. These poems, replete with "a tender bitterness," are the flowers of a manifold experience: the age of thirty; fatherhood; and above all the overwhelming experience of war, that sad and cruel experience (as Whitman expressed it), the experience which Duhamel lived through as intimately and for as long a time as did the Wound-Dresser of the Civil War. Preceding the four ballads dedicated to the martyrs whose death agonies he witnessed—of these the "Ballade du Dépossédé" is perhaps the most perfect, the most naked—there are revealed the many nuances of a fervent and oppressed soul which disputes the entrance of bitterness and yields to it only momentarily, in order to free itself with a sudden rebound; then rights and verifies itself by the aid of certitudes avidly seized upon, or presses to itself the memories of joys undefiled. At the far end of hours without hope and at the bottom of "the ancient source of sorrow," there still dwells the hidden leaven of fortitude and the promise of moments ineffable.

Je vous ai connu, bonheur!
Désespoir, je vous connais!
Tour à tour n'avez-vous pas
Tourmenté ce cœur esclave?

Il y a sur mon visage
Maints témoignages vivants;
Ils avouent que j'ai passé
Déjà la moitié de l'âge.

Mais le doigt qui les décours
Ne pourra jamais me dire
Si ces rides sont l'empreinte
De ma peine ou ma joie.

The "Poèmes" of Georges Chennevière cover almost the same period as the "Elégies" of Duhamel; but here we have a collection of much consequence, not only in its dimensions, but in the fact that it offers us, at a draught, the whole product of the poet since his first book, "Le Printemps," which dates back ten years: a large and undiscovered domain, wherein all kinds of expeditions are set afoot, wherein we find a mine of rich veins running in every direction, wherein we enjoy an exquisite and satisfying repast, not improvised in haste but slowly prepared by a master hand—in fact, a bouquet of such quality and fullness as is rare in the kingdom of poetry.

It is doubtful whether it is possible to give even an indication of the vast depths of this volume, from the opening of the noble and pathetic "Chant Funèbre" for the death of a father, to the concluding poem "En Route," so full of youth and spirit, of a beauty so sovereignly fresh and fast that it seems to detach itself and fly away, drawing everything in its wake, as if off to make the tour of the world.

The art of Chennevière seeks not to impress us with that facile face-making by which jokers edify a few idlers; it is vain to seek in it the contortions and excesses which afford an easy cover for a poverty of creative ability. His is an art of a line pure and full in which feebleness would quickly betray itself. His fresh and personal inspiration is not ashamed to avow

its respect for the honest and solid craft of the great artisans in verse. He who possesses this richness of invention, of colour and rhythm, and this feeling for cheerful concreteness, does not need to rely upon the verbal jugglings of buffoons. In proof, let anyone read "En Route," "A un Passant," or "Découverte"; but perhaps it will suffice to quote this excerpt:

*Je n'ai qu'à tendre les mains,
Je suis riche: l'âme abonde.
Je m'en arrive aujourd'hui
Plus que d'air à mes poumons.*

On these two books the accursed years have left their ineffaceable stamp; in the case of the "Chants du Désespéré" of Vildrac, they fill the book. Issuing from the mud, from the pit of bitterness and shame, the odour of the mire still lingering in his nostrils, here is a man who voices his affliction and pain in a tone not to be found in the strophes of "Livre d'Amour." It is a voice that is masculine but infinitely tender, sweeter and stronger than ever in this confession of a hurt and humiliated spirit, but with a faith still strong in all that ministers to the beauty of life and of love. Charles Vildrac has not written a Book of Hate so soon after a Book of Love; for hatred does not cry from the soul of a Vildrac. His is a song of intimate grief, relating to the Europe of to-day which allows itself to be led to the slaughterhouse, like a beast without the capacity for revolt, ready to be ignominiously slain. It is the sorrow of a man who has perceived the scars of shame on human beings abandoned to deceit and crime, but who has not despaired of them. In the soul of the desperate, the little flame of hope and courage refuses to be extinguished; it is fearful, it wavers, but finally its clear light burns strong in the corridors of ruin:

*Un seul accent vrai de ton cœur
En toi couvrira cent voix fausses.*

Each one of these songs reaches depths in us which only a true artist like Vildrac can sound with means so simple. The elegy to Henri Doucet has that largeness of view which is characteristic of great poetry:

*Le Peuple est vaste, obscur et incliné,
Incliné toujours,
Sur le labeur et sur la pitance et sur les berceaux.*

There is quivering hope in the "Retour de la Guerre"; but there is in especial in "Avec l'Herbe" an emotion so poignant that even if all the other remains and reminders of the hated years should disappear, the future would find enclosed in this poem all the measureless agony which stabbed to the heart a people humiliated and desperate:

*Brins verte contre ma bouche et que mon souffle fait trembler
Je vous confie la détresse de l'homme...*

Here, then, is a little of those riches offered to us by the three comrades who meet again at the old crossroads. The world passes on—mostly without seeing them.

It is to that world of "men in the street," be they what they may, that a fourth comrade who joins the group a little later, explains the quality of the poets of to-day: they bring you, he says, no capers, rhymes, or the playthings that come with dessert, but they bring sustaining food for the inner spirit. They are men who, with the tongue of humanity, address themselves to men.

It is the absurdity of rhyme which has separated you from the poet. The poet! A sort of merry-andrew *de luxe*; not at all (you think) a brother with powerful, masculine ideas. You are quite right in caring no longer for pretty little illusions dressed up in verse; poetry can voice your longing

for free manhood only if it answers you in an earnest, simple, frank, and direct fashion.

Thus speaks Luc Durtain in his bold and fraternal way in "Face à Face" or "Le Poète et Toi"; and in support of these sentiments, as a proof that they can be fully understood when they are voiced in the right way, I would cite the enthusiastic reception which was accorded recently to a poem of Durtain's by a popular audience at one of Albert Doyen's soirées.

Thus it may be seen that here in France we still possess riches. We can not, it is true, exchange money with you in America on equal terms, but that does not bar a fair exchange of poetry! We are already welcoming your Robert Frost, Theodore Dreiser, and Carl Sandburg, and we propose Vildrac, Chennevière, and Duhamel in return! The word *rapprochement* has recently been much used—and abused—by those who do not understand exactly what the word represents. But if we were to say *rapprochement* on a fair basis such as this, would not the word take on a new meaning?

LEON BAZALGETTE.

MODERN AMERICAN PLAYS.

A LITTLE time spans a great distance in a young art. Five years in the history of the moving pictures carries us almost back to their Giotto. Five years in the story of the American drama puts us with the Landseers and the Meissoniers of our native theatre. With Mr. Eugene O'Neill's richly imaginative tragedy, "The Emperor Jones," and the genial and worldly-wise "Enter Madame"¹ of Miss Gilda Varesi and Miss Dolly Byrne before us, the title of "Modern American Plays"² upon the collection which Professor George P. Baker fathers, seems a little like calling Augier, Dumas fils and Robertson *fin de siècle* decadents. For these, it seems, are the plays which Professor Baker would have us look upon as modern: Mr. Augustus Thomas's involved and machinated thesis-play on the good old dual moral code, "As a Man Thinks"; Mr. David Belasco's well-detailed but very literal piece of spiritism, "The Return of Peter Grimm"; Mr. Edward Sheldon's brilliant theatricalism, "Romance"; Mr. Louis Anspacher's determined but rather dry effort to be ironically European; and a good but far from distinguished piece of dramatic criticism in burlesque form, Mr. Edward Massey's "Plots and Playwrights." Beside these "modern" American plays, "Enter Madame" stands out by the very effortless quality of its dialogue and the easy and quite unconscious sophistication of its people. As for "The Emperor Jones," it seems almost of another race and of another century. It cuts away the conventional theatre, conventional morals, conventional psychology. It gives us the fears of the subconscious and the moonlight madness of the tropics, all as material for six long soliloquies written in sturdy and beautiful language that never ceases to be the natural speech of an ignorant and childlike Negro.

Somewhere between the modernism of Mr. Augustus Thomas and what I am constrained by Professor Baker to denominate the futurism of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, lies "The Famous Mrs. Fair and Other Plays,"³ by Mr. James Forbes. At any rate, this volume is thoroughly American. It contains "The Chorus Lady," a cheap contrivance as to plot, made lively by pungent and racy dialogue and the excellent theatrical figure incarnated by Miss Rose Stahl. There we find Broadway drama in its infancy. It is just such work as this that moves one to insist that the "popular" American playwright, the comedy-writer of the type of George M. Cohan and Frank Craven, is of much more promise than Augustus Thomas. The second play in Mr. Forbes's volume goes

¹ "Enter Madame," Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² "Modern American Plays." Edited by Prof. G. P. Baker. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co.

³ "The Famous Mrs. Fair and Other Plays." James Forbes. New York: George H. Doran Co.

a long way towards justifying that rash statement; for "The Show Shop," an admirable comedy on theatrical life, written in 1914, seems to-day better fitted to the title of Professor Baker's volume than any play that the professor has included. From "The Show Shop," Mr. Forbes goes on in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" to a drama which achieves a parallel aim to that of "As a Man Thinks," but achieves it sanely and honestly by means of simple and human drama instead of by disquisition piled on theatrical contrivance.

The future of the American drama lies with Mr. O'Neill, pleasantly aided now and then by the foil of such work as "Enter Madame." The past belongs with Messrs. Thomas and Belasco. As for modernity, well—I, for one, should prefer to put the title "Modern American Plays" upon the jacket of Mr. James Forbes's volume.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

PRÄTERITA.

I ENTERED Oxford by the road from the station. Had I known how ugly that part of town was, I should have entered by the Magdalen Bridge. Coming in as I did, I was a little disappointed, not finding it at first sight as romantic as I had expected.

Thus Mr. Richard Henry Dana in his entertaining volume of reminiscences, "Hospitable England in the '70's"¹ How easy it is to picture young Mr. Dana's state of mind! Eager to familiarize himself with the best that remained of old England, to acquaint himself with those who would make up the best of the England to come, his head filled with anticipations of Oxford life; here at the gates of a city still whispering of the Middle Ages he found himself confronted with all the horrors of modern industrialism. But fortunately Mr. Dana was only sight-seeing and nothing could bother him long. He paid little attention to the slums of England, and still less to the English smart set, the *nouveaux riches*, or the *literati*. There were enough of these in Boston. He concentrated on the English governing classes. Many of the nobility and gentry of England knew that it was Mr. Dana's birthright to be their friend, and accordingly they greeted him as such, which he thought very gracious of them.

English Society just then was at its zenith. Its zenith was a little behind the nation's, but for the moment it constituted the richest, most powerful group of people in the world. Mr. Dana tells us of large families: "Lord Young had fourteen children, of which number Lady Young spoke with pride. . . . Baron Pollock was spoken of as having seventy-three feet of sons." But breed as they might, these most powerful people were playing a losing game against their wage-slaves. As Mr. Dana puts it in his epilogue: "Perhaps we never shall see the nobility as they were in 1875-1876."

Seven miles from Birmingham stood the seat of Earl Spencer, Apthorp House, which, though it had, says Mr. Dana, "no architectural beauty or pretensions, was so well proportioned that one did not take in at first glance from the outside its great size, with its magnificent ball-room, its long picture galleries and spacious libraries." Upon Mr. Dana's arrival, the butler ordered the luggage to be carried up, and a quiet young manservant showed him to his room. After a dinner-party, the household retired: "Candles were handed to us, and we said good night on the broad hall-stairs." All this is duly impressive, even more impressive than the information that the earl "sat as judge of the county court without pay and for no political advantage, and certainly not for the sake of renown in such small cases in a country town." If it was not for these things that the noble lord thus sacrificed himself, one almost involuntarily suggests that perhaps it was just for the want of something to do. Besides, it might be added, the owner of Apthorp House and its wide demesne had been well paid in advance—even before he was born—by a grateful country for any-

thing, however trivial, that he might care to do for it.

The Duke of Argyll did not trouble himself to be as hospitable as Mr. Dana's other hosts, nor was it possible to bring anything out of him in the way of conversation. But really that was not necessary, for he owned a steam yacht of about three hundred tons, and one hundred and forty feet overall, which held forty tons of coal and steamed eleven knots an hour, and his Grace prayed on Sunday evenings before twenty-eight servants, "and these did not include, of course, the stable hands or farm-labourers. . . . And yet he is one of the poorer dukes." His house party was made up mostly of parliamentary people who flattered each other that they were conducting an empire—much as Lord Spencer did his county court, just for something to do.

Mr. Dana left the Argylls' to visit the Lord Chief Justice of England, passing through Glasgow on the way, concerning which city he remarks:

What little I saw of it was depressing indeed. The city was dirty and smoky and I never saw so many drunken people about as I did that evening, both men and women, drunk and dead drunk, sitting or lying on the sides of the streets. This unfortunate contrast of slum and countryseat is somewhat compensated for when Mr. Dana visits his father's second cousin, Lord Kinnaird, for this estimable Lord and his Lady were burdened with a keen sense of responsibility. His Lordship presided at family prayers every morning at 8:15, just before breakfast; but, like most Protestants, he believed in salvation by good works, and he was proud of a reform-school that he had founded where the children of poor but dishonest parents were taught "useful work and military drill"—a very pleasant and not unnatural distinction. There were one hundred and fifty boys in the school, which had been working well for thirteen years and it was said of these children that they were "no more troublesome than those of a better class." After inspecting this educational institution, Mr. Dana visited some lineworks, where about seven hundred children between the ages of seven and fourteen worked (by permission of a recent act of Parliament) "only four and a half hours a day during one week and six the alternate, and they were obliged to go to school every day but Saturday. For carrying out this law, they were divided into squads or shifts."

His Lordship and her Ladyship worked hard all day for their tenants and other charities, and sat up late at night playing bezique, and so unfortunately did not give themselves enough rest. Lord Kinnaird, we learn from Mr. Dana, was a shining instance of a "useful member of the House of Lords." He was also a pioneer in the movement to abolish the smoke nuisance in the larger manufacturing cities and devoted many years of his life to the cause. "He told me," says Mr. Dana, "it was very discouraging"—and somehow one remembers the White Knight who had just

Completed his design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT.

SENATORIAL SAVOURS.

"If we would have knowledge for its own sake, if we would have scholarship and cultivation and refined learning among us to give a savour and a perfume to life, we can hardly omit the classics." The truth held in this declaration of faith, taken from Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's essay on the value of a classical training, is amply confirmed by every one of the nine papers brought together in his volume, "The Senate of the United States."¹ From the first essay which gives its title to the whole, to the last address, delivered at Plymouth on the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, there is a savour and a perfume not found in the speeches and writings of ultra-modern senators like Mr. Penrose and Mr. Newberry, for example.

¹ "Hospitable England in the '70's." Richard Henry Dana. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

¹ "The Senate of the United States and Other Essays." Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The addresses reprinted in this volume give Mr. Lodge even a greater range for the display of his classical learning. One was delivered at a Radcliffe College commencement, another on the presentation of a library, and a third on the career of Mr. Roosevelt. Whether he is speaking to young ladies on a rare June day or to the conscript fathers at a solemn hour, Mr. Lodge rises to the occasion. To say this is praise too faint, too inadequate. The allusiveness with which he gives savour and perfume to his lightest words and noblest thoughts reveals long hours spent with the ancients. From these few pages a mighty galaxy of stars gleam forth with new luminosity. Here are Terence, Dante, Donatus, Petrarch, Bacon, Darwin, Browning, Emerson, Addison, Boileau, Herodotus, Pindar, Cicero, Heine, Shakespeare and a hundred other lights gathered from the eternal firmament. History and science are alike Mr. Lodge's servants. He seems equally at home with the Mendelian theory and the metre of Virgil. His grasp upon the intricacies of Roman politics is as firm and sure as his understanding of the verities of our constitutional system.

Mr. Lodge not only loves good writing; he knows how to frame the moving paragraph himself. Take a few examples as the proof of the whole. After citing, in the original Greek, the immortal message from Aristides to Themistocles, he adds with a touch of grave dignity:

I look with wonder and admiration at the filaments of the radio station, climbing up towards the skies, and take great satisfaction in the comfort of an automobile, but I find in neither the inspiration which breathes from this passage written down by a Greek historian born nearly twenty-five hundred years ago.

Could anyone sum up with more savour and perfume the cause of classical learning which Dean West has laboured so nobly to uphold? Or again take Mr. Lodge's peroration closing his address to the boys at Harvard:

If you would be as you have been of the largest service to mankind, be Americans first, Americans last, Americans always. From that firm foundation, you can march on. Abandon it and chaos will come as when the civilization of Rome crashed down in irremediable ruin.

In this hour, when, as Mr. Archibald Stevenson informs us with serried documentation, there is an awful looseness in American thinking, do not such passages from a Senator of the United States seem a guarantee for the perpetuity of our institutions? Is there not renewed assurance also in this eloquent gem from the oration on the Pilgrims:

While the great republic is true in heart and deed to the memory of the Pilgrim fathers, it will take no detriment from the hand of time?

It is not often that a statesman whose mind is of necessity subdued to the instant need of things can be both a prophet and a seer.

Classical learning is, however, no mere ornament for Mr. Lodge's thought. It is the veritable source of inspiration upon which he has drawn in his long and heroic battle for the right as he is given to see the right. He is lifted to a higher level when he thinks of Curtius riding majestically to death that Rome might be saved the earthquake's wrack. Scaevola thrusting his hands into the flame, and Horatius standing gallantly at the bridge. It is with martial flourish that he quotes the hero's words from Macaulay:

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the altars of his gods?

Was it not in this spirit that Mr. Lodge stood with his back against the wall when the hosts assembled at Armageddon? Was it not in this spirit that in 1896 he defied Mr. Bryan and his wreckers when they sought to lure the Ship of State upon the rocks?

A further evidence that a classical education exalts a man above the heat and dust of the forum is the stately eulogium upon Mr. Roosevelt. That great American, like Cromwell, says Mr. Lodge, would be painted as he is even in a funeral oration. So the veil is rent that is usually drawn over the lives of dead men, and we are given a picture of the real, historic Roosevelt. With

firm hand, Mr. Lodge draws the portrait of a man physically brave, morally courageous, just in judgment, fair to his opponents, a friend to the unfortunate, a fearless adviser of the strong, a champion of justice, a lover of his country, despising secret and tortuous methods, rejoicing in the sunlight, first, last, and always a true American. Faithfulness to facts requires Mr. Lodge to present his former friend as a man who practised moderation in all things.

Very many people [he says], powerful elements in the community, regarded him [Mr. Roosevelt] at one time as a dangerous radical, bent on overthrowing all the safeguards of society and planning to tear out the foundations of an ordered liberty. As a matter of fact, what Theodore Roosevelt was trying to do was to strengthen American society and American government by demonstrating to the American people that he was aiming at a larger economic equality and a more generous industrial opportunity for all men.

Thus a scholar, accustomed to the long view of history, one familiar with the politics of Aristotle as well as the politics of Capitol Hill, presents to us in true perspective the real Roosevelt. By this measured judgment, the historian of the future will correct the utterances of Mr. Lodge's colleagues, made in the heat of the memorable campaign of 1912. Does not this decree rendered in the case of a former political opponent combine the firm justice of old Roman tribunals with the savour and perfume of Greek poetry? Who on reading it can help wishing that more senators had such a firm foundation in classical learning? Who, indeed?

CHARLES A. BEARD.

A VERSATILE PHILOSOPHER.

THE title of Giovanni Castellano's "Introduction to the Study of the Works of Benedetto Croce"¹ is somewhat misleading, but this is not meant in a derogatory sense. The book aims to give, not a synthetic presentation of the Italian's system of philosophy, as did Mr. Carr's excellent volume of several years ago, but rather a collection of comments gathered from almost every corner of the world and arranged into a series that lends itself to analytic treatment. The work is, in a manner, an annotated scrapbook, in which the various commentators of Croce are themselves made the subject of a running commentary and in which, as might have been expected, the versatile and voluminous philosopher himself ever emerges the victor.

The mass of material is divided into three parts; the first deals with the works of the master, their number, their chronology and the translations, which extend even into the Czech and the Japanese; the second part considers the critical literature upon the subject and the third, which forms the main body of the book, consists of extracts from the numerous discussions ignited by Croce's ideas, along with refutations of the critics. This is the fullest work of its nature in Italian since Prezzolini's book of twelve years ago, and although it is by no means to be regarded as a treatise upon the Crocean system, it is exceedingly useful as a small reference book to the reader of Italian.

The student thus approaching the study of Croce is at once impressed with the inclusiveness of the man's interests and with what at first blush seems to be his addiction to an unphilosophical type of paradox. Here is no spirit of the ivory tower, nor yet does the philosopher venture forth upon the market place. On the one hand, he is accused of coldness, of aloofness, and on the other he becomes a romantic bugaboo, especially in such eyes as those of Professors Irving Babbitt and H. Chapman Brown, the latter frankly confessing himself "afraid of intuition." Amidst it all, the champion of lyrical intuition pursues the even tenor of his way, and is almost converted by Signor Castellano into the hero of a fight against all comers. One may question, however, whether the book actually accomplishes its purpose. It is filled with valuable data, assembling a mass of material that would otherwise be un-

¹ "Introduzione allo Studio delle Opere di Benedetto Croce. Note Bibliografiche e Critiche." Giovanni Castellano. Bari: Gius Laterza e Figli.

obtainable. It is of undoubted value to those who are already acquainted with the general tendencies of Croce's philosophy. To the initiated, however, and from its title one would imagine that it is addressed chiefly to them—it will have somewhat the effect of a book-review when one has not yet read the book itself. Nor is this strange, since the work is composed chiefly of just such book-reviews surrounded by exegetical or controversial remarks.

To go from this to Croce's newest book is to turn from the disciple to the master. "The Poetry of Dante,"¹ appearing in the year of the great Florentine's sexcentenary, from the pen of Italy's foremost contemporary thinker, will doubtless be regarded in many quarters as a betrayal of Italy's foremost poet. At the very outset Croce throws a literary bombshell into the ranks of the pedants, the lovers of symbol-weaving and allegorizing, the theologians who labour in the disguise of *littérateurs*, the intellectual parasites who have fed for six centuries upon a carcass and have failed to penetrate into the essential, the human significance of the melancholy figure. "La Poesia di Dante" reverses most previous positions. It discards all extraneous matter. It studies the Comedy as a human, not a divine product, and explains it upon the basis of the author's personality. In so doing, the philosopher follows his conception of art as lyrical intuition, and it is very possible that not a few who have passively assented to his system will actively resent it when they see it thus vividly applied.

Croce finds that Dante has been overestimated as a philosopher and as a statesman; that there is nothing new or illuminating in his views upon language; that his ethics and metaphysics display neither novelty nor originality. Moreover, he can not see in the man's minor works any preparation for his masterpiece. The real contribution of the poet was a "new tonality," in which the various forms and tendencies of both the man and his age were blended into the eternally human. Croce's Dante, far from being a rigid moralist and of heaven heavenly, is tolerantly aware of the mixture of good and bad that go to make up us humans and is of the earth earthy. Croce insists upon the essential subjectivity of the Comedy—even as in his essay upon Shakespeare he has underscored the inescapable personalism of the Englishman—and points out that one eighteenth-century writer even went so far as to suggest calling the Comedy the "Danteide," in recognition of its auto-heroic character. The most sensible reader of Dante will, in Croce's words,

read Dante just as all simple readers read him, and are right in reading him, heeding the other world but little, and the moral divisions even less, the allegories not at all, and enjoying greatly the poetic representations in which all his multiform passion is condensed, purified and expressed.

This seems to connote a structural deficiency, and the critic describes the Comedy structurally as a "theological romance" or an "ethico-politico-theological" romance. The true unity of the composition lies in the "tonality" peculiar to it—a unity not of formal construction but of artistic personality, of the poet's

sentiment of the world, founded upon a firm faith and a certain judgment, and animated by a robust will. . . . It is commonly said that Dante is in the highest degree objective; but no poetry is ever objective, and Dante, as is known, is in the highest degree subjective, always himself, always Dantesque; so that, evidently, 'objectivity' is, in this case, a vague metaphor intended to designate the absence of disturbance and discord in his conception of the world, his clarity of thought, his determination of will, and therefore his representation of his thought in clear outline.

A striking statement that, and indicative of the book as a whole, which is written in Croce's own "objective" style, conveying more understanding than poetic enthusiasm, but at the same time hacking away much that obscures the real poetry of the Comedy. The critic may, in this book, have shattered an idol, but he has more than compensated for such iconoclasm by re-creating a man.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

SHORTER NOTICES.

It would be difficult to name two eminent writers whose conceptions of the novel differ more than those of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch and Mr. Beresford; yet they unite in awarding the Collins prize for the best first novel of the year to "The Journal of Henry Bulver."² That this book should have passed muster both with the novelist of manner and the novelist of matter is surprising. It has many technical faults excusable in a first novel and a general slovenliness of style which must surely have pained the author of "The Art of Writing"; while the content, though interesting, hardly justifies its acceptance as a serious piece of psychology. It is a popular study of genius and the "pagan spirit": the kind of genius that manifests itself by breaking furniture and hearts, and the kind of pagan spirit that rails at the conventions in terms of the theatrical shop. Beyond these symptoms we have nothing but the author's assurances to convince us that her hero was a great writer and left a mark upon his age. The story, however, goes with a rush, and the cussing and smashing are done with a refreshingly naïve enthusiasm. So the reader as well as the writer may find it soul-satisfying to put himself in the shoes of this genius who does as he pleases and, in consequence, ends, not in jail, but in Westminster Abbey.

V. G.

THE literary garrulities of musicians are seldom more impressive than the musical pronunciamentos of authors. It is therefore not surprising that the recent translation of the autobiography of Jules Massenet³ gives us little more than the naïve chatter of a composer: it is literature to the precise extent that Gautier's dictum that "music is the costliest of all noises" is musical criticism. Accepted in the ingenuous spirit with which it is offered, however, "My Recollections" is a collection of biographical titbits which will be relished by all who have fed on the succulent melodies of this latter-day Gallic composer, and who now wish to top off the feast with a dash of personal history. Far from great himself, Massenet moved comfortably in the shining company of the illustrious. Flaubert, Gautier and Dumas fils he knew, whilst Anatole France, Daudet, Liszt, Bizet, Gounod and Saint-Saëns were his admiring companions. He taught for some years at the Paris Conservatoire, numbering Charpentier and Laparra among his pupils. Between the labours of creating more than a score of operas he travelled considerably, and though he was an indefatigable worker, he kept in touch with many of the artistic events of the day so that the end of his life, which came in 1912, saw him still full of boyish enthusiasm. Hard work—he knew it—would never make him a genius. He laboured on, however, enormously energetic, enormously elated by each succeeding triumph, yet never more than momentarily carried away by a hint of egregious egotism. Cendrillon, Werther, Le Chérubin, Don César de Bazan, and Roma are operas which awaken few memories. But Hérodiade, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, Manon, Thaïs and Le Cid compose a quintet whose charm is still fragrant if fleeting. Though none of Massenet's works seems likely to outlive this century, and though his gossiping record furnishes but a hazy portrait of the milieu in which he moved, his portrait of himself is somehow naïvely convincing. It convinces us at least of his devotion to his chosen art through the very ineffectiveness of his literary manner.

W. P.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

I HAVE been reading lately the biographies of two Southern poets. They passed their lives under the common eye, almost as publicly as two village politicians; they were on terms of intimacy with the whole vast cousinhood of the South. Yet it is impossible to gain from these pious and meticulous memorials, and in spite of their too numerous illustrations, the faintest notion of the character of either of these men. Could anything more clearly show what an unawakened people we are, how unaware of ourselves and of one another? In order to test the matter I took it into my head, after reading these books, to go about in the circles my friend Wickford had frequented, and try to find out what sort of impression, if any, he had left behind him. Wickford had a wide acquaintance, and I had no difficulty in piecing together what might be called the legend of the

¹ "The Journal of Henry Bulver." C. Veheyne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² "My Recollections." Jules Massenet. Translated by H. Villiers Barnett. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

man. He had survived in the minds of his friends, as, respectively and at once, a cynic, a sentimental, a pedant, a barbarian, an evangelist, a snob, a traitor, a solemn ass, a literary guy, a "rube," an Anglomaniac, a pro-German, a monarchist, an anarchist, a Methodist, a Romanist, an incorrigible bourgeois, a sky-high Tory, a crimson revolutionist and a superannuated teacher's pet: Did those various epithets reveal anything more than the benign little serpents one's friends cherish in their bosoms? Did they, I mean, tally with the notion of Wickford's character which I have drawn from his memoranda? Not precisely. Owing to this I have decided that if Wickford ever has a biographer, he shall place no credence in the tongues of men.

On this subject, as it happens, Wickford himself has something to say. "Why is it impossible," I find him observing, apropos of Mr. Strachey's "Eminent Victorians," but with a certain reference, entirely serene, to the causes of his own obscurity—

Why is it impossible for an American to write a book of this kind? Chiefly, no doubt, because we lack the small, centralized, conscious public which, on the one hand, evokes the individuality of the individual, and on the other reflects it. Consider, for instance, Andrew Carnegie and even Theodore Roosevelt: could anything be more fabulous than the reputations of these men, lost as they are in the glare of an uncritical publicity, lost as well, for that matter, in the piety of the Americanizers? (Have we not seen Senator Lodge constructing under our very eyes the official myth of Roosevelt as the classic statesman who never swerved from principle or acted on any but second thoughts?) The rectitude of the realistic eye: for this you will search in vain among the documents of our modern social history. We do not see each other, and it is only the rarest among us that see themselves. I have myself lived off and on for forty-three years in the most 'sophisticated' community in America; I have had many friends and innumerable acquaintances, and I have never attempted to mystify anyone. Yet I believe that, barring a few miscellaneous outlanders, not a solitary soul has ever 'seen' me: I have been as truly invisible as a tree-toad on a leaf. Most of my friends, even those who are conscious, are incapable of an objective vision of anything: they see the world and everything in it through a mist of prepossessions, the fruits either of their own maladjustment or of their excess of 'Americanism' or some similar lunacy. I am not an Eminent Victorian, I am an ordinary man with no desire but to keep my head on my own shoulders. And if I regret that I am 'lost in the crowd' it is chiefly because, in sharing this condition with those who ought to be the most distinguished of my contemporaries, I feel that I belong to a civilization that has not as yet begun to exist. No matter how 'significantly' an American may live, he will remain for his own countrymen as unrecognized as the risen Saviour on the road to Emmaus. We are ghosts, my dear genius, in a prehistoric world. Bones and flesh, in America, are for the dinosaurs alone.

To this lugubrious meditation I have, I think, nothing to add (save, perhaps, that if Wickford had belonged to a younger generation he might have found the realistic eye a little less rare). So I hasten to change the subject, or rather to return to one that I have mentioned before: i.e., history and the historians. Wickford, I must tell you, detested the scientific pretensions of contemporary writers of history—whether wisely or not I must leave my readers to decide.

All historians [he writes] are actuated by personal motives and wishes in regard to the character and direction of society. This is inevitable, since history is an art; and the great historians are those whose motives and wishes are great. (Cf. Thucydides, Gibbon, and even Carlyle, Michelet and Motley.) The difficulty in our day is that history represents itself as a science, which enables the meanest minds to escape detection under the guise of impersonality. The historians have resurrected such a mass of facts that they are helpless before them, and if they would only confess that they are helpless one would have no quarrel with them: it is perfectly true that they have a Frankenstein on their hands. Having lost their criterion, however, they confess nothing; instead, they make a virtue of necessity and tell us that the facts, because they are so numerous, render what they call the "impartial attitude" the proper one, and that this impartial attitude represents a moral advance. Observe the ironical result: these same historians, unable to dominate facts and infuse them with their own motives and desires, simply register in their 'impartiality' the motives and desires of the mob—out of which they them-

selves have been unable to rise. This explains their ignominious behaviour in the war. Of all the hysterical propagandists there were few in those days to compare with the blasphemers who, because they had mishandled history in the name of science, had entirely failed to educate and enfranchise themselves.

As was usually the case in speculations of this sort, Wickford had his own countrymen chiefly in mind. Not to have revealed any personal bias, said he, is the boast of our historians, whose greatest horror it is to reveal themselves as human beings. Let the facts speak for themselves, these gentlemen say; they will speak all the more eloquently and truthfully if no other voice speaks through them. But, unfortunately, another voice does speak through them, a voice far less worthy of respect than that of any enlightened individual:

Securus judicat orbis terrarum; vox populi, vox Dei. Who [says Wickford] denies the truth of these axioms? But they are true only in the long run, a very long run, and they imply, as existing in the populace, a 'normal' remnant of the instructed. As for our popular American tradition, there are two reasons why one can not accept it: in the first place, its span is too brief, and thus the total experience of our people is insufficiently universal; and secondly, the mood of our life during the period in which the historians have arisen has been hostile to the existence among us of everything that is characteristically humane. Thus we have the 'gentle tradition,' on the one hand, and on the other the tradition of exploitation and privilege, to the censorship of one or both of which every fact in our social life has had to subject itself in order to survive in the popular consciousness. It might be all very well to let the facts 'speak for themselves' if all the facts spoke, and if they spoke frankly: the result would not be history, which is an art, but it would be at least 'the past.' As it is, the only facts that speak are those that please the genteel and the interested, and they speak only with the voice of the genteel and the interested. That is why American history is so trivial and so dull.

If this again sounds lugubrious, I can only add that Wickford had a higher opinion of the past of his own country than he thought the historians held: they had made, he contended, as uninvigorating a case for it as could well be imagined. Certainly, it was not the American past that aggrieved him, but the American present; apropos of which, having, as I have often said, the most exalted notions in regard to the written word, he was of the opinion of Leopardi that "in literature alone can the regeneration of our country have a substantial beginning." No wonder, then, that he abused the historians, considering them, as he did, in a measure, in proportion to their capacity and the capacity of their craft, responsible for the spiritual chaos of our life. But speaking of Leopardi, and to change the subject again, I may mention that the Italian poet appears to have regarded his native Recanati much as our poets at the present time regard the Gopher Prairies of their own infancy. Thus Wickford quotes from Leopardi's letters:

As to Recanati, I answer that I will leave it, escape from it, hurry away from it, as soon as ever I can. But when can I? That is what I can not tell you. Meanwhile, be assured that my intention is not to stay here, where I see no one beyond our household, and where I should die of frenzy, of life-weariness, of hypochondria, if one could die of these ills. . . . Who would ever have thought that Giordani would undertake the defence of Recanati? The cause is so desperate that the good advocate can not save it, nor could a hundred. It is all very well to say: Plutarch and Alfieri loved Chæronea and Asti. Loved them and left them. In this fashion I also will love my native place when I am far away from it. Here literature is a word unknown. The names of Parini, Alfieri, Monti, and of Tasso and Ariosto and all the others, need a commentary. To which Wickford subjoins the following: "But Leopardi had Rome to go to. Our own unhappy provincials have New York, wherein after sojourning for awhile they prefer the realms of Pluto."

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Back to Methuselah," by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's.

"Strindberg the Man," by G. Uddgren. Boston: The Four Seas Co.

"Modern Czech Poetry." Translated by P. Selver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company

Gilbert Cannan

whose delightful and provocative Letters from a Distance are appearing in the FREEMAN, has written an extraordinary modern satire entitled

"WINDMILLS"

POSSIBLY the critics who compared him with Swift on the strength of this book were a bit extravagant, yet "Windmills" is not unlike "Gulliver's Travels" in its presentation of all the weaknesses of our political and social system. And so skilful is this author of ours that the volume serves equally as a thoroughly amusing yarn, born of a vivid imagination. As to its literary quality, who that has read any of Mr. Cannan's own books or his great translation of "Jean Christophe" needs to be convinced?

"WINDMILLS"

alone costs \$1.60. We offer the book and a new trial subscription to the FREEMAN for ten weeks, for \$1.75. Use the form printed below, or copy it in a letter.

CATHOLIC (*with a small "c"*)

A FEW weeks ago we called attention to the catholic nature of the FREEMAN, its variety of appeal and its citizenship in the realm that transcends geographical boundaries, racial restrictions and linguistic barriers.

Last week's paper was a token of the editors' efforts to maintain it on the plane to which FREEMAN readers are accustomed. The celebration of the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of Dante was recognized in an essay by Raffaello Piccoli; the last instalment of the revealing notebook of Chekhov was presented; there was authoritative comment on foreign politics by Robert Dell, who is on the scene; a phase of the work of Artemus Ward that is too little considered was discussed in a leader; Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the sculptor, a competent observer of contemporary Russia, reviewed Arthur Ransome's latest book; Professor Charles A. Beard contributed a letter dealing with university education in America; a light touch was added by a sketch translated from the Spanish by C. Grant La Farge, the distinguished architect, and the second article in our series, "The Myth of a Guilty Nation," wove together facts necessary to any discussion of international relations and of the Versailles treaty which is predicated on the assertion of Germany's sole responsibility for the war.

Book reviews by Ernest Boyd, John Gould Fletcher and John Cournos, and the usual leading articles and pungent paragraphic comment on the Greatest Show on Earth, round out a number of the FREEMAN which represents a definitive answer to those who, in March, 1920, doubted the need for a new paper, and inquired, wearily,

"Why the FREEMAN?"

THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, President,
116 West 13th Street, New York City.

I accept your offer as printed in the FREEMAN of 27th July.
Send the book and paper as follows:

Send "WINDMILLS" by
Gilbert Cannan to

Send the FREEMAN
for ten weeks to

I enclose \$1.75 to pay for both.

Name Address F. 7. 27. 21